BRITANNIA and Eve

AUGUST, 1955
TWO SHILLINGS

A COMPLETE SECTION OF

Children's Clothes

SHOPPING and MAKING

She steps out with sheer grace
WITH NO SEAMS TO WORRY ABOUT

SHOES BY DELMAN. HAT BY DENISA THE LADY NEWBOROUGH

Klingsil No-Seam Nylons

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BRITANNIA and Eve

AUGUST
1955
VOL. 51 NO. 2

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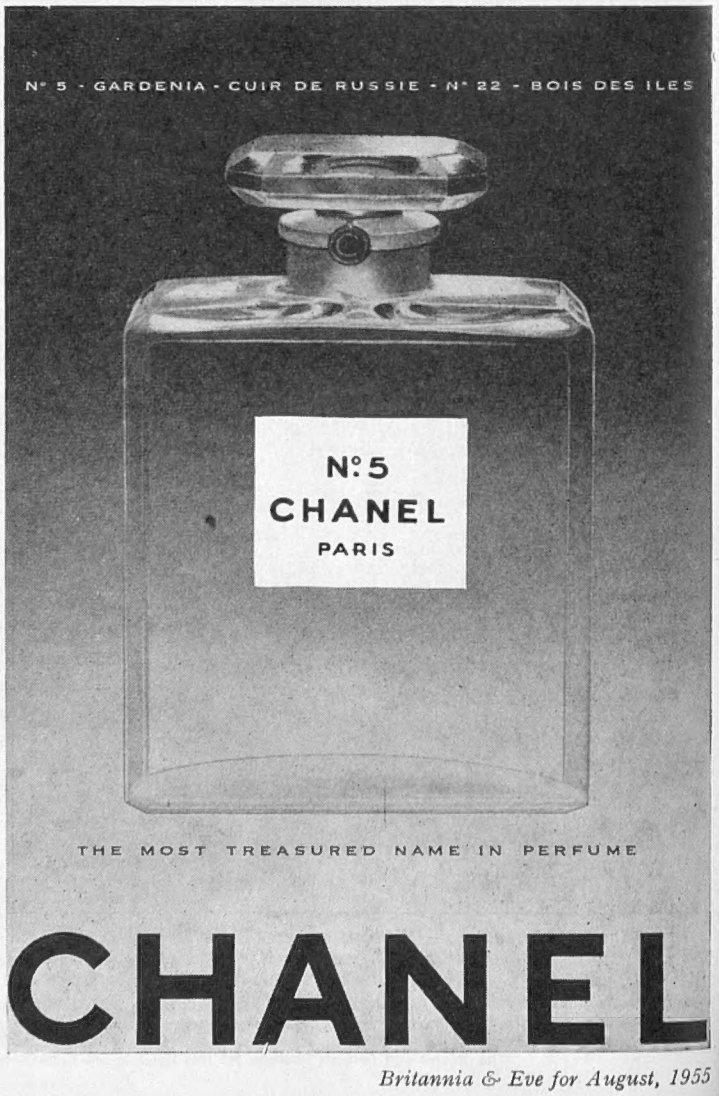

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she has the Fashion Sense to wear—

COURT ROYAL

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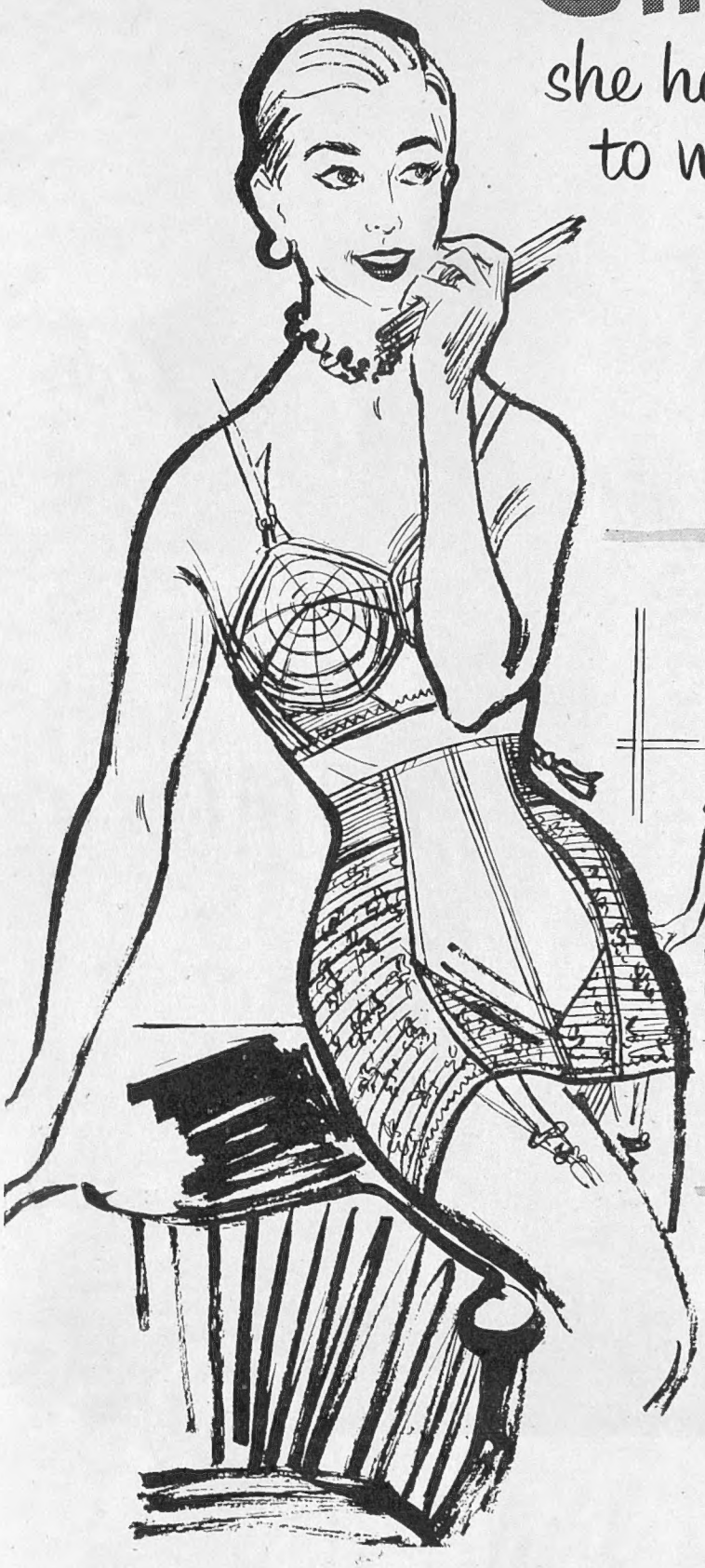

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Dress
by Digby Morton

Don't give up your Signature

In times when the pattern of our thinking and living forms itself into a communal shape individualities are in peril. What about yours?

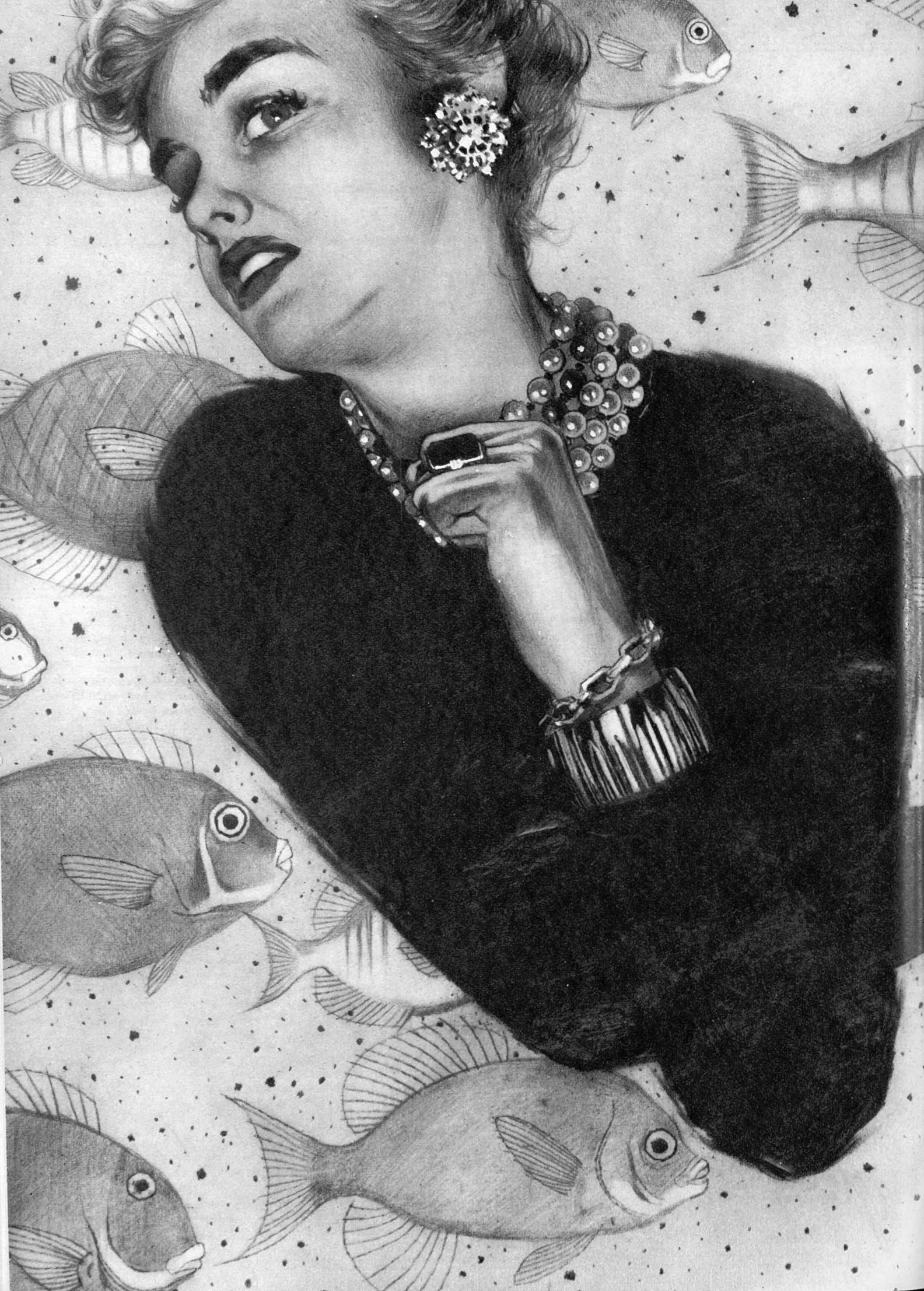
By E. M. ALMEDINGEN

DON'T give up your Signature. The word is here used in its unhappily vanished sense. "Signature," say all the standard dictionaries, "means 'significant appearance' or 'mark,' archaic," in less lacquered and involved language something that is your very own, absolutely distinct from anything possessed by anyone on your left hand and on your right. Whatever be the measure of its importance, such a distinction does exist, and it is good for all of us to keep it.

Let us for one moment imagine the world's map spread before us. It is obvious that owing to stupendously easy means of communication, all social "sharing" has reached an extent undreamt-of by earlier generations, and that is all to the good. Men and women were not meant to live in tight little compartments, unable to see what goes on outside their little fences. Let everybody draw close together in work, pleasure and ideas, but let that be done individually, and never in a herd-like fashion. Because it is precisely the so-called "herdishness" that will in the end destroy your own signature, yours and mine.

There is quite a speck of that danger on to-day's horizon. Some time ago I heard about a housing estate where the tenants were required to plant their gardens "just so," and where strong objections were made because two of the tenants wished to have coloured glass panes to their front doors. I don't quite know (*Continued on page* 63)

Gracie Fields, Prince Philip—triumphant guardians of their individuality in a world which increasingly seeks to press us all into a common mould



His was a futile ecstasy of a foredoomed creation buoyed up by the smile of one woman, dashed by the frozen grey eyes of another

Yes, Miss Anders...

by GLADYS SCHMITT

HE got up into the coolness which hangs over the city like a false promise of love on early mornings toward the end of June. He got out of his bed, next to her bed, and went to the window with his sorrowful and yearning dreams still upon him. The roofs, the tiers of sun-whitened windows, the green of pent-house terraces and the whiteness of water-towers had not yet wholly emerged from the seven o'clock mist; and all that he saw from the window took on the softness and the sadness which had haunted his sleep.

Far away, in a patch of green garden suspended like a product of Arabian necromancy in the upper atmosphere, somebody had left a scarf or a stole, bright orange, over the back of an iron chair. It was a good colour scheme—tangerine and leaf green and the palest blue. He would make a little water-colour sketch of it first thing, as soon as he got to the store, and take it in to Miss Anders as a suggestion for the living-room in the Hoffman place.

She would take a dislike to it at once, of course; but some sort of chart would have to be crumpled up and thrown into the waste-basket in the course of the day, and this one would serve as well as any other. He would label the colours, to reduce the communication to a minimum, to save himself the necessity of hearing her ask "What am I supposed to make out of *that*?" or "Now what on earth did you intend to do with *this*?" Green for the rugs, orange for the detail, pale blue for the walls. A touch of white somewhere, maybe in a hassock, yes, a white wool hassock set splash in the middle of everything, nubby like a sheep. . . .

But as soon as he felt himself being drawn into the matter, as soon as he began to envision, with futile excitement or ridiculous tenderness, those objects doomed to be still-born in his brain, he stopped himself, he spared himself. He blotted out the philodendron and the scarlet amaryllis to be clumped at the vast, curved window of the Hoffman living-room, to carry the Hoffman living-room out into the blue. He forced himself to see Miss Anders' impervious profile instead, the eyelid veiling all but the smallest slit of the glittering grey eye.

A friend of his, a dabbler in psychiatry, had said the other evening—so he remembered, turning back to the room—that love and hate were intertwined at the roots, that maybe he 'd better ask himself if he mightn't be in love with the woman, seeing that he hated her so much. He smiled at such a thought—in him love and hate were utterly divided. Hate sat behind an Empire desk at Hearth and Home, Inc., and love lay here—he stopped to look at it—here on this bed.

She stirred, feeling herself gazed upon, and then surrendered herself to sleep again, turning her head sidewise so that her breath moved a few strands of her short, grain-coloured hair. Her arm, topped with a nylon frill, lay over the sheet; it was thin and white and traced

Illustrations by COLEMAN

with branching veins—no sunburn yet, like last year—you didn't expose a woman three weeks out of the hospital to the chilly wind on the beach. . . . Her cheek was fresh and freckled, and had never ceased to beget in him innocent and comforting remembrances : the curve of it was like the curve of a summer sail, the freckles seemed to float on it, like specks of cinnamon on milk. For a moment he thought of kissing her, but kissing might lead to other things which could lead to other things. . . .

He sighed and went into the kitchen to put on the coffee, and into the bathroom to make himself impeccable for the omniscient grey eye of Miss Anders, and into the living-room to set the two places on the bamboo mats and to drop the flakes of food into the tank of tropical fish—a chore he had put off last night, having been unable to bestir himself out of his static melancholy fit.

He bent over the big oblong aquarium and broke the wafer and straightened and shouted " Trudy ! " at the top of his voice. For a change had come in the course of the night : the black viviparous female with the silvery fin-tips had clouded the water in the left-hand corner with a pearly, multitudinous birth—so exquisite, so shimmering in their minute and continual motion that he had almost called into the bedroom " The fish had babies," had almost forgotten that her answering thought could be one thing only : " Maybe the fish did, but we didn't. Ours was still-born."

Hearing no rustle of a taffeta housecoat, no pad of ballet slippers, he went back to the kitchen and found a cup and an old glass fruit dish. That would serve to isolate the male, to keep the black-and-silver streak of child-devouring destruction imprisoned at least for the day. He was in the act of pursuing him with the tilted tea-cup through green and slimy strands of vegetation when she appeared at the door, barefoot and in her nightgown, yawning and rubbing her eyes. " What are you doing ? " she said.

" Catching the male." He had him, he spilled him with a cupful of water into the fruit bowl.

" Oh," she said, coming up behind him, bringing to him the childish perfume of her sleep, the sweat and the warm smell of her hair, " just look, the fish had babies ! " And she did not seem to be making any connection between this triumph and their failure ; she stared into the living, shimmering cloud with nothing but delight.

In fact, for a woman who had lost her first, much-yearned-for child in the eighth month, she was in a puzzlingly lively state. Darting from the aquarium into the kitchen and back to the aquarium again, she said that she was perfectly capable now of making their breakfast, that she wished he wouldn't turn off the alarm the instant it began to tinkle, wouldn't leave her sleeping an unwholesome and needless sleep until close to noon. She came away from the shining plenty in the water and twined her long, slight arms around his neck ; her lips, dry and delicate without the lipstick, rested against his mouth ; and for an instant he was like a man offered a warm loaf after a long fast.

Suppose he did walk into Hearth and Home, Inc., an hour late ? What could old Anders do to him ? Weren't there worse things in the world than being fired ? Then he saw what he was always seeing : the crumpled charts and sketches going one by one into the wastebasket. He was no good, and nothing that he (*Continued on page* 57)

" Why are you afraid of her ? " she had asked and he had been amazed to realise she did not know

a Spin for your money

Can you afford *not* to try your luck at the tables when you are abroad?

by

RAYMOND A. BENNETT

ONE of the inescapable facts of life on the Continent is the Casino.

You stand, on the first morning of a holiday, with your back to the sea and your eyes shielded against the sun, to take your bearings . . . and there it is, the largest, the brightest, the most fabulous building of them all.

If you are new to the game, it could be a palace—the home of an Eastern Prince ; or a cinema de luxe ; or simply the Town Hall.

If, on the other hand, you " know " about such places, you walk with your eyes virtuously downcast—and bump into it at the first corner !

There is really only one thing to do :

Powder your best nose, clutch your purse-strings—and attack the sinister halls of wealth with sheer high spirits and holiday bravado.

The enemy, when you arrive, is nowhere in sight. That is when you start learning. The " House " is magnificently open and generous ; the attendants speak when they are spoken to, and the amenities are undreamt-of.

The Casino, you discover, is the orbit around which the world of entertainment revolves. Restaurant, bar, café, ballroom, theatre, night-club and cabaret—it is all there. And because the facilities are a means of drawing the public on to bigger " game " (they are, in fact, subsidised by the gambling), the quality is necessarily high, and the prices are moderate.

The only sign of gambling is to be found in the annexe reserved for *Boule*. This game, in spite of the green baize table-top, and the " chips," and the five francs entrance fee, is just about as dull to watch, with a minimum stake of sixpence, as a game of Lotto.

Undeceived by such innocence, and secretly delighted with your own sophistication, you move on to the ballroom.

In places like Nice, this opens directly on to the sea-front, and incorporates the café. Here, you can buy a drink for 250 francs, listen to an all-American dance band, share the already overcrowded floor, or simply watch the world-and-his-wife watching you.

The evening will be as long and as informal as you care to make it, and a cocktail dress, or simply a cotton frock plus, will take its place quite happily alongside more formal attire.

But, sooner or later, you will notice them—the people who climb the heavily-carpeted Grand Staircase. The uneasiness, the challenge, reasserts itself ; only now it is spiced with frank curiosity.

Being half the person you think you are, you pay the bill, take whatever remains of your fortune—and your courage—in both hands, and follow the crowd.

In spite of the fauteuils and the carpets, the gallery is not a place in which to linger. There is, of course, no compulsion, and you come and go as you please, but here, you feel, is the unmistakable threshold.

The Door is at the far end, a massive thing, with the words *Salles Privées* inscribed above it in letters of gold. Close by, a compact office unit, and a handful of Government inspectors are ready to deal with the formalities of your entry.

(*Continued on page 67*)

How is the young socialite launched and what goes on in the lives of the girls who flower in every new London Season?

Debs in the

By

FLORA

QUENTIN

Illustrations by

Making

"DEAR LADY X. . . . Thank you so much for a wonderful dance . . ."

It is all over, and the last glass of champagne has been drained at the last debutante dance of the year. The earlier trickle of "Thank you" letters has become a flood.

"All over for another year," say the men who make the wheels go round—the caterers, the wine merchants, the band leaders, the hairdressers and the flower shops. This year has been a bumper one for all of them. Seldom, it seems, has there been a Season when so many young women have been launched into society.

"Well, that's that," says the father of the debutante, glumly contemplating his bank balance. "At last!" sighs his wife, grateful for the prospect at last of some relaxation from the exhausting round. No more parties to arrange, no more "keeping up" with other mothers. No more straining to remember names.

And the debutante herself, what does she think? Some will say it was "utter bliss"; some will say "Thank heavens to be free again . . . to have a little time to myself . . ."

Somewhere between these extremes lies the truth, but where and how does it all begin? How are these young women introduced into the more exalted circles of society?

It all begins in the nursery. It is as soon as this that the foundations of a future in the *haute monde* are laid for many. It begins at children's parties and dances; continues at school, and later at finishing school abroad. Having a mother with "credentials" ensures a young girl's entry into the debutante world by the easy way. Such a mother will have been presented herself at Court (divorcees are ineligible), and she is then in a position to receive "Summons" from the Lord Chamberlain to present her debutante daughter.

(*Continued on page 67*)

Above: Anna Massey, debutante star of the successful stage play, "The Reluctant Debutante"

Right: The Hon. Caroline Hawke, who was presented in July, and (*below*) Miss Hermione Faulkner, daughter of the Countess of Dundee, who was presented at Holyrood Palace in June

RUTH FREEMAN

MADAME,

By RUTH MILLER

you are taped!

MADAME, you may discard that inferiority complex about your shape. You need no more hide your face from the facts which the tape measure records about your dimensions, or shrink apologetically from the sales assistant's opinions of your size. The myth of the " stock figure " has been exploded.

Speaking with new confidence from the level of 5-ft.-and-a-bit I can assure you that by far the greatest number of English women do not conform to what we have been led to believe is the average figure. The myth of the well-proportioned " average " is no more.

Ninety-five per cent. of women shoppers buy their clothes off the peg and the sorry truth has leaked out that over 80 per cent. of us have been coaxing our far-from-stock sizes into garments that bear little relation to our shapes ; sizes that needed to be let out, taken in, shortened, lengthened and, in fact, adjusted to the realities of our figures. I for one find this disclosure comforting, as will all the other odd-size women whose years of shopping frustration have landed them with a complex about their shapes.

The system upon which makers have sized their clothes for years past has, it appears, been based on a convention rather than on statistics. On an ideal rather than on hard facts (or soft curves).

How did it all arise ? Nobody knows, but there is little doubt that the clamour from frustrated women shoppers—a clamour which the Association of Tall Women has stimulated most effectively in its own sphere—has paid off. The Clothing Industry has at last decided that ten million women can't be wrong, and recently a full-scale research operation into the matter of shapes and sizes began. Five thousand women volunteered as guinea-pigs and were, literally, taped. Skilled teams of measurers took thirty-seven measurements on every single one of them.

THE result of this is that " the average " proves to be rather shattering and rather comforting. In fact, we now know that " the average " is cosily unglamorous.

Five-foot-three, we are told, is the average height of women in this country. Average hips are 38, and average busts are 36. What is more, only about half of us measure within 2 ins. of that average. The rest vary up to 8 ins. in all directions.

I find it particularly satisfying to learn that my 5-ft.-and-a-bit, far from putting me in the oddity class, finds me only just below the norm. I who, like thousands more, have been resigned to waists that drip down below my hips, stockings that have to be suspended below the welt and swim-suits that cover up my knees, can look the most haughty sales assistant in the eye and say, " Teen-age department nothing. I am an average woman ! "

(*Continued on page* 61)

If years of frustration shopping for clothes has left you thinking that your figure is " odd " and not " average," take heart from the disclosure that it's not you but the manufacturers' sizes which have been out of step through all these years

"How's your mother?" she called, walking her mare. She dare not actually stop for her father hated gipsies

Abigail

AND THE DRUMMER

By MOLLY BENNETT

Illustrations by ROBERT HODGSON

SHE saw him every day when she rode up the hill. He was about sixteen and thin almost to gauntness, but Abigail thought him handsome, like a young hero out of a book; his old clothes and faded muffler did not matter. He and his caravan and plump white mare had been there three weeks now, the caravan snugged up to the hedge on the wide verge and the horse on a long tether rope.

"How's your mother now?" she called every morning, still a little shyly and he would answer, "Gittin' on" hardly less shyly as he bent over his peg making, winding the shining strips he cut from old tins round the peg tops.

"How's your mother?" she called this morning, walking her mare. She was a pale, pale-haired child of ten, as thin as a whippet and under her eyes the dark smudges sometimes stood out like bruises. She dare not actually stop her horse for her father hated gipsies, hated them to madness since some had turned their ponies in with his brood mares, and so all their conversations were shouted while she was in motion.

"Comin' out in a week," was Jas's variation today on his "Gittin' on." He sat up straighter on the caravan steps with bits of tin like metal curls round his feet. He rarely smiled which made him more lovable.

"Then we'll be orf," he said. There was just him and his mother.

"Oh," said Abigail in a sandpaper voice and she cleared her throat. "I'm glad—that she's coming out of hospital, I mean."

He nodded unable to think of anything else to say and she shone on him a sad and loving blue eye. He picked up some pieces of peeled white wood from a box at his side and bent down.

"Well, goodbye," she called.

He waved a white peg and Abigail shook up The Tramp and clattered up the road. Some way farther on was a narrow twisting lane that led down like a brown snake to her father's stud farm. On each side was a hedge knee-deep in strong green bracken and set with mauve-white blackberry flowers; the dew on its cobwebs had gone this morning for it was Saturday and she was later.

She thudded down the lane. The sun was a silver shilling in the mist behind her and her two tails of hair, like soft fingers, tapped on her shoulders as she rode.

Behind the white mare whinnied and it made her heavy heart go like iron. He won't be there soon, she thought. Nobody there—only silent

fields and hedges, and two tears of loneliness fell on The Tramp's short circus horse mane. If only her mother had left her a brother like Jas when she died two years ago! And the tears fell faster all the way back to the old Sussex farmhouse with its green-red roof tiles spilling down to meet stained whitewash.

THE Desert Drummer, the Arab stallion was all silk in the early sunshine, glowing red-chestnut silk. His small head was up and his full dark eyes bright with thoughts and a little breeze stirred his cascading flaxen mane and long light tail, as long as a lady's train.

He stood still in his trampled, dung-dotted paddock, alone and lonely and listening to the sound of the brood mares and foals galloping somewhere out of sight.

Abigail leaned on the second rail of the high paddock fence looking at him and feeling far more lonely than he ever could in all his pride and rippling strength. She counted him one of her friends, but more in the way that a tree or a mountain is a friend, for he rarely acknowledged her.

She drank her fill of him and then with a small shuddering sigh stuck her hands in her jodhpurs' pockets and turned, with a boneless rolling movement and leaned her back on the rail, and two pigeons, strolling by on rosy feet, hurried and then took fright and clapped noisily away.

The Drummer came to life and galloped over to the fence on the far side and she looked at him again over her shoulder. She often wondered what it would be like to ride him; her father rode him, but she had to stick to her mare and dulled little geldings and she was absolutely forbidden to go near him. Not that he was wild or wicked, on the contrary, but he was full of life and ideas and needed understanding and expert handling. He was a *stallion* and her father knew what daring and peculiar fancies sometimes took hold of her.

Joe, the head groom, came trudging towards her over the wet churned earth with a halter in his hand. It was he who drove her to the cedar-smelling cage of a private school every day; he knew her better than her father or her father's fat spinster sister who had come to take charge of the farmhouse, but his inarticulate dumbness was no help.

He advanced on hooped legs, a stick of a man with wing ears and leggings all over yellow mud. He gave her a leather grin and in silence went to the paddock and got The Drummer and began to lead him towards the stable yard.

"Is Dad going out on him?" she asked, aimlessly falling in behind and watching with a sort of fascination the floating blond tail of the stallion.

"Yaas." And they proceeded the rest of the way in silence.

IN the stable yard her father gave her a sharp look and then his eyes leapt to the stallion; he was too absorbed in his horses to be a family man. He waited with his cap under his arm, thick-set and with his large red lips pursed at nothing, while Joe saddled the stud horse.

When The Drummer was ready Mr. Fellows put on his cap, took his crop off the top of a corn sack and mounted solidly, every movement, deceivingly, seeming to cost him a gasp, but the Arab was careful, knowing his master.

Abigail watched, thinking how her father spoilt the look

"Steady," she shouted, but the stallion pulled her up and she screamed at him in futile anger and fear

Jas promised to get word to her about the foal, no matter where he was

of the animal, how he somehow dimmed him, and she wished that The Drummer was free and running over a prairie.

"Well," shouted her father, "what do you want?"

She jumped and started to stutter something and then she realized that he was not talking to her. She spun round *and there was Jas.*

He gave her a fleeting smile of recognition, but she went very red and was too surprised to smile back, a bit too scared, too, with her father shouting.

"Well?" Mr. Fellows was bellowing again. "What do you want, eh?" He touched up the stallion and the animal came dancing towards them on his small round shiny hoofs, his great neck arched and the mane standing off it like foam; his tail was a flag.

The boy stood speechless watching him and into his face had come a sort of light, but he pulled himself together and tore his eyes away from the horse and switched them up to the sparking blue ones of the rider.

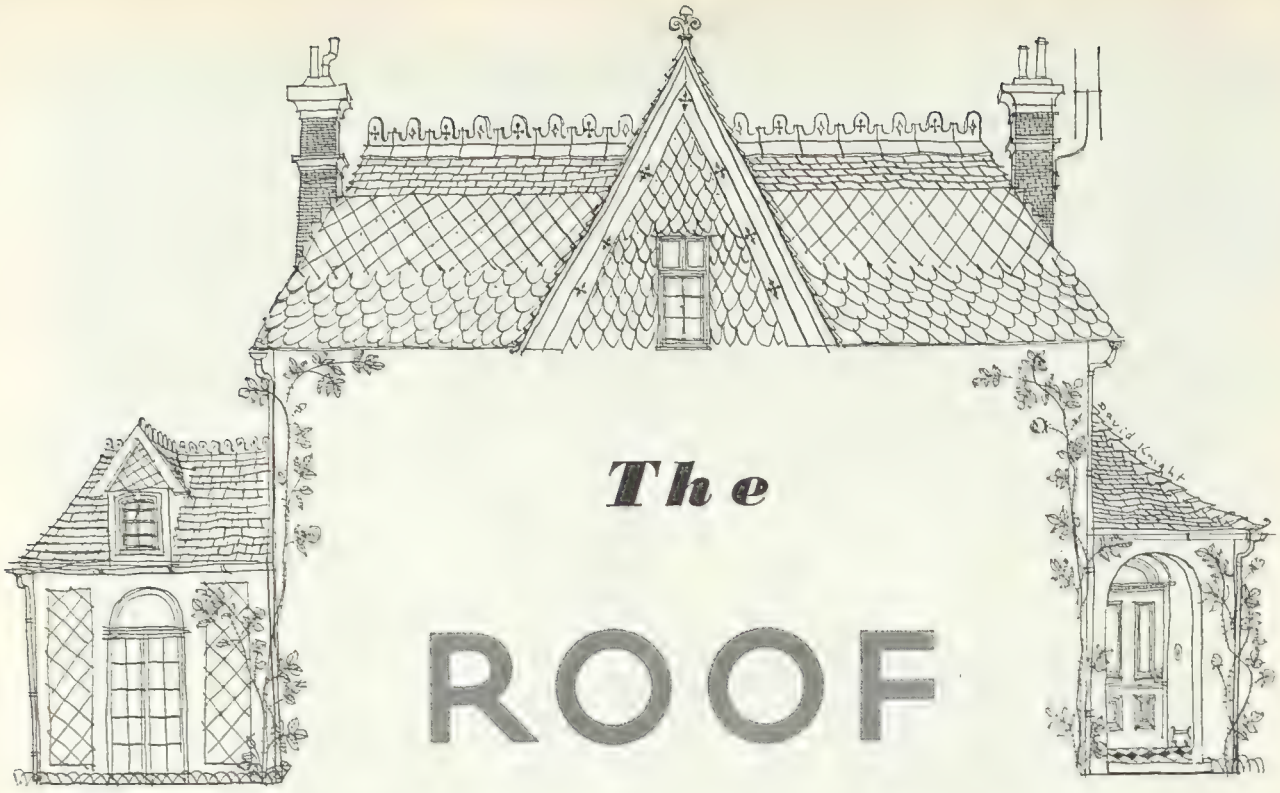
"I wondered if you wanted any casual work dun," he said,

"We don't want no casual labour 'ere," shouted Joe, swinging the halter. "You clear off, me lad. Git and don't let us see yer faace again."

Mr. Fellows shut his mouth, having had what he was going to bawl bawled for him; he glared instead.

The gipsy ran a nervous finger along his lip and then he nodded, a bit pale, and dropped his eyes to the stallion again. Abigail saw unutterable envy and desire in them.

(*Continued on page* 64)



The ROOF over your head

We rarely give a thought to the roof that tops our house—yet it has to stand up to the onslaught of winter gales, snow and lashing rain and the baking summer sun. Our contributor talks of troubles you may meet and answers these common queries . . .

By ERIC BIRD

- What are the first signs of impending trouble and how can we detect them?
- New roofs should need no attention for ten years. After that how often should they be properly inspected? And when? What should you look for?
- If we are building a new house what type of roof is likely to give the least trouble?
- If buying an old house, what are the signs to look for that point to a defective roof?
- A "wavy" roof is picturesque in old houses—should it be regarded with suspicion?
- What are the signs of beetle attack in roof rafters and how can damage be treated—and when?
- What special precautions should be taken with a roof to guard against snow drifting in, and to provide effective heat insulation?
- Where should you suspect leaks in flat roofs?

ROOFS in Britain have a hard life. Our rigorous climate tears at them with gales of wind, squirts downpours of rain at every weak spot, bakes them in summer and freezes them in winter. Only lasting materials, thoughtful design and good workmanship will ensure that they are trouble free.

So long as the roof over our heads is *there* we tend to leave it at that and are surprised and hurt when a damp patch on the bedroom ceiling appears or a trickle of water down an outside wall brings home the fact that the lid of the house is vulnerable like the rest.

The whole subject of roof welfare sounds rather technical for the average person, especially the women of the house, and who is going to scale the roof to find out what has been going on up there? Who indeed!

All the same, roof repairs, if they are neglected, are a very costly matter and it pays, particularly if you live in an older house, to emulate the "early bird" where defects of this nature are concerned.

Many of the materials we use—clay tiles, concrete tiles, of which there are proprietary makes such as Marley, slates, lead, copper, zinc and asphalt—are in themselves virtually everlasting, which means that trouble when it does come is not very often the fault of the material.

Very rarely, poorly baked clay tiles or bad quality slates "laminate," that is split into layers, under the action of frost; the odd one may crack across or break loose.

It is the "joints" of a tiled or slated roof which give most trouble; for instance, at the ridges and hips, in the valleys or at chimneys or parapet walls. The mortar pointing of ridge or hip tiles becomes loose; lead flashings move or "creep" with

It is not essential to use traditional tiling material for re-roofing a period house. Proprietary concrete tiles achieve a warm, weathered look. Marley plain tiles are used above

expansion and contraction, pulling away from the brickwork; valley gutters choke with leaves, allowing water to soak in over their edges.

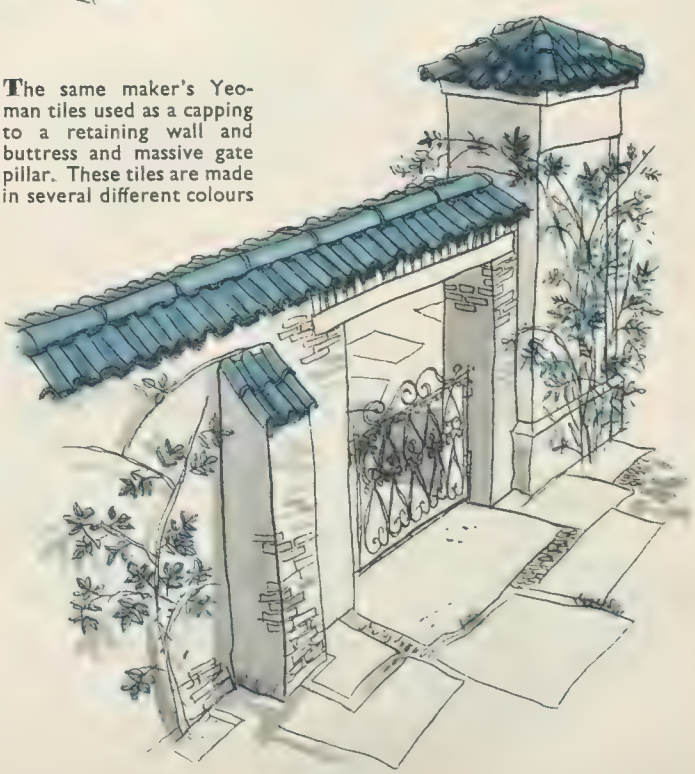
Even with the best materials all roofs need periodic inspection and repair. A new roof should need no attention for the first ten years of its life. After that a builder should look over it every three years, especially after a winter of gales. A little preventive repair will forestall that dismaying heavy leak in a downpour.

The picturesque roof with lots of hips, gables, valleys, dormers and chimneys, because it has more joints, is more liable to give trouble than one having two plain slopes. The angle of slope, also, is important. Plain tiles should never be at a flatter angle than 45 degrees; slates and pantiles (the large curly kind) at less than 30 degrees. Otherwise, rain and snow are liable to be blown up under them.

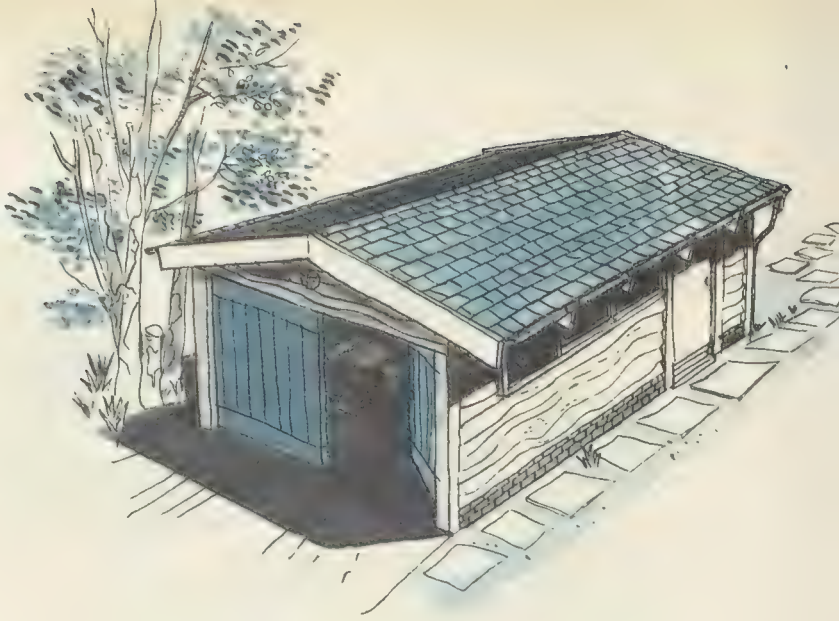
The custom of flattening a roof slope slightly at the bottom edge, sometimes called a "bellcast," can give trouble if the slope here is too flat. A slight bellcast certainly improves appearance but, if overdone, can let water soak into the tops of walls and feet of rafters.

The roof framing must be strong enough and properly "triangulated," or so fastened together that the rafters merely rest on the walls and do not push at them. Under severe wind pressures or snow loads, a roof has to take a considerable weight. The whole roof structure should be a kind of self-supporting lid, sitting on the tops of the walls. Bad triangulation is revealed by cracks at the tops of walls, or even walls leaning outwards.

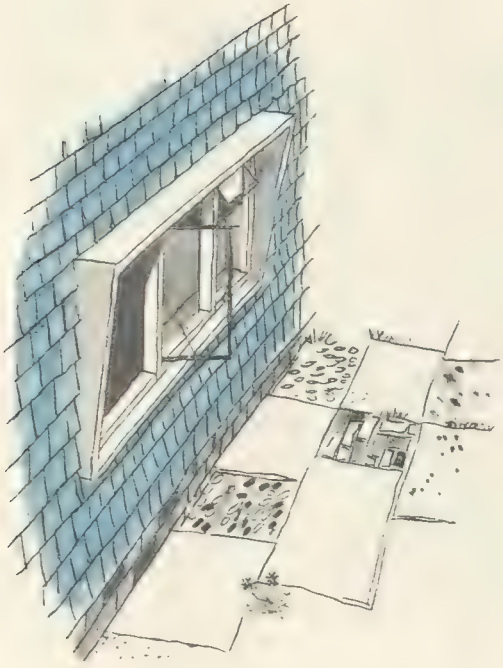
A wavy roof should be regarded with much more suspicion in a fairly new house than in a very old one. The latter often have oak rafters which have (*Continued on page* 68)



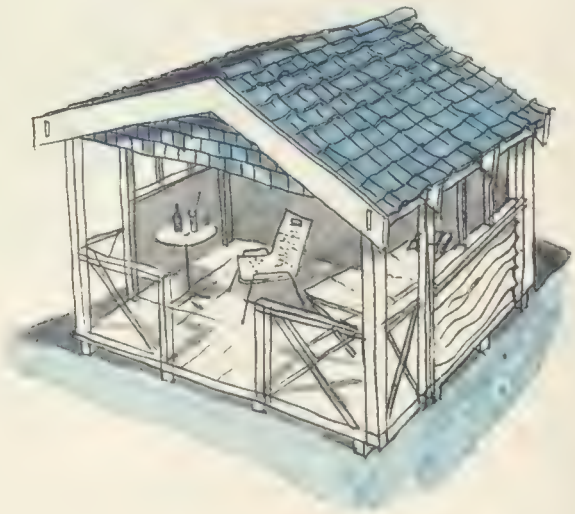
The same maker's Yeoman tiles used as a capping to a retaining wall and buttress and massive gate pillar. These tiles are made in several different colours



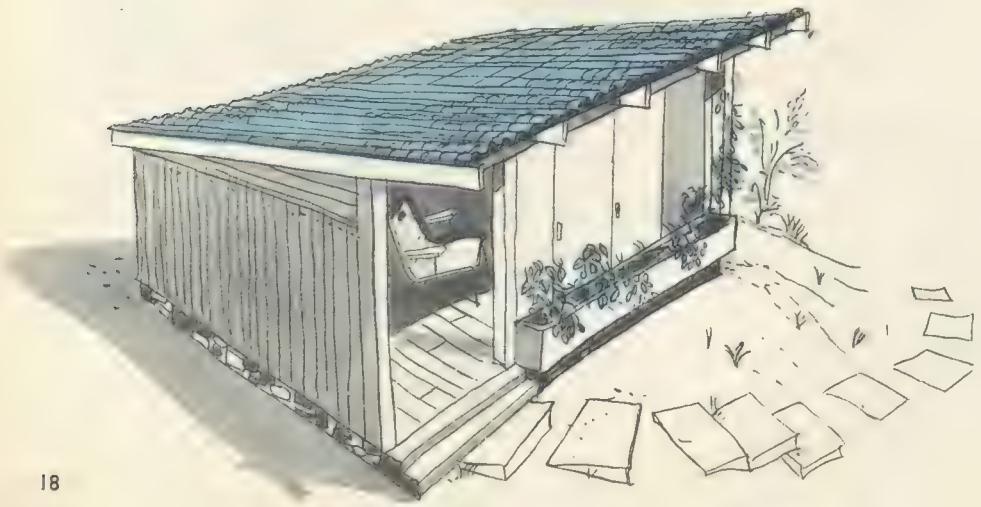
The use of different materials gives this design for a garage a special appeal, interest being centred in the roof treatment. Coloured proprietary plain tiling could be used or cedar shingles. The structure rests on dwarf brick foundation walls. Wavy-edged weatherboarding makes the side and back walls and gable-end above the double doors



Walls exposed to driving rain get 100 per cent. protection from vertical tiling, which has the virtue of being decorative, too. Here is a treatment for the wall of a house with a contemporary window design—an apt expedient in counties where tile-hung houses are traditional

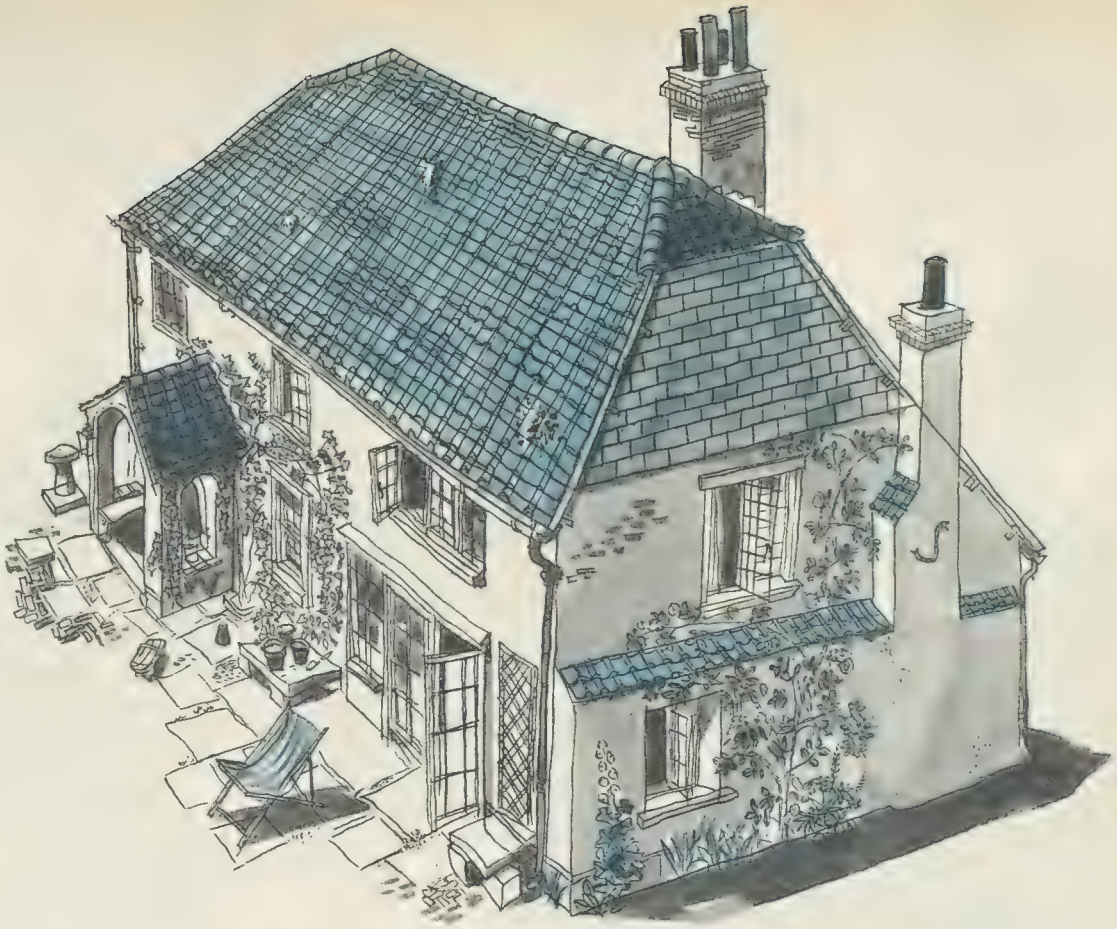


Where the garden and the budget permit a summer-house, the roof treatment, again, can make one of its most effective features. These two examples, both in the modern idiom, use Marley Yeoman tiles in one of the several available colours. The same maker's Anglia pantiles would be equally decorative. Plain tiles or cedar shingles are used for the gable-end in example *right*. The rest of the construction is timber

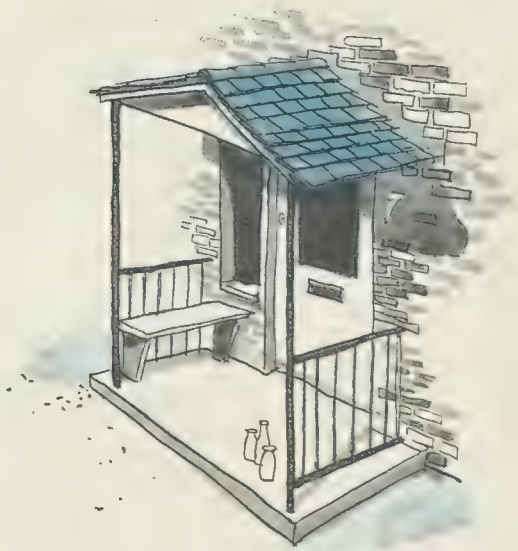


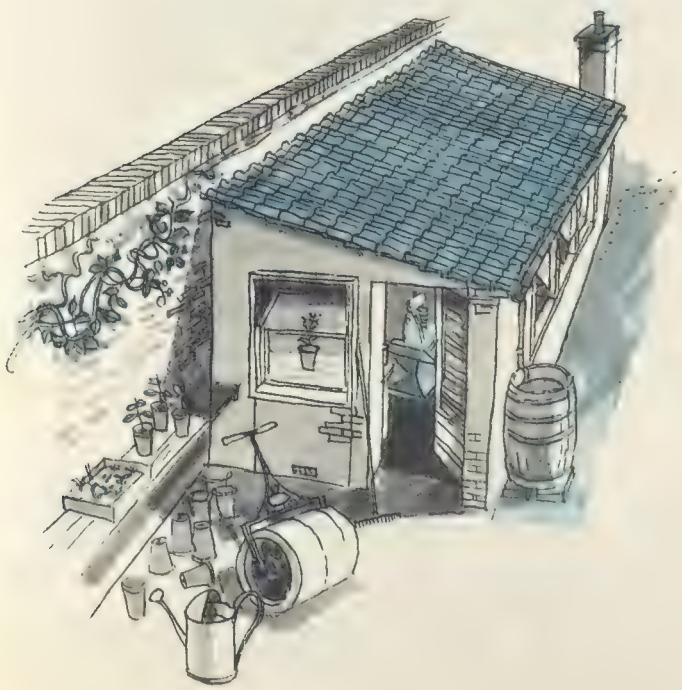
The very special summer-house on the *left* is designed to be used as extra sleeping or living accommodation and features a mono-pitch roof (cheaper than a double-pitched roof, incidentally) and having the secondary advantage that rain-water drains to one edge. Brightly-painted corrugated asbestos could also be used for this roof. General construction is wood, with sliding glass doors at the front

The irregular roof of a country cottage is often partially responsible for its charm, the straightforward shape being as rare as snow in June. But all those odd angles and inconsequential extensions of the roofing here and there present difficulties when re-roofing of the cottage is needed



Cottage above shows how the modern proprietary tiles can be used effectively in renovating a country cottage roof. Marley Yeoman tiles are used throughout except on the gable-end, where flat tiles are employed. Flat tiles can make a feature of a country cottage porch, whether an old one refurbished or a new one built to give a finishing-touch to an otherwise undistinguished front. Here (right) is a simple design for a porch using metal and wood and cement tiles, slates or cedar shingles





No one has yet designed a "garden shed" that enters the realms of art—but at least it can be unobtrusive, solid—and waterproof. Here is a case where use can be made of an existing wall to build on a lean-to of brick with the roof in new proprietary tiling to match the house roof

Illustrations by DAVID KNIGHT

HIGH SUMMER...

For the serious yachtswoman—but also for the skier, golfer or mere walker on a wet day—a jacket (*left*) in proofed poplin with a hood. Comes in lovely bright colours, about 6 gns. Wool and nylon trousers for sport and leisure about 6½ gns. Both by Howard Flint at Lilly-whites, Piccadilly; Lumleys, Glasgow

Black is flattering to holiday tan, and the dress *above* in polished Swiss cotton with a small pattern has the exciting lustre of shiny jet. By Vogel, about 11 gns. at Richard Bird, 57, Knightsbridge; Cann Bros., Exeter. The Italian sandals have rainbow straw uppers and varnished wooden soles with a coloured flower in pokerwork on the heel. 12s. 9d. at Russell and Bromley

For an afternoon by the river, a dress (*left*) in black and white printed cotton with the new trumpet line skirt. By Ricci Michaels, £9 10s. at Dickins and Jones; Jane Crosswright, Evesham. Next time you buy a "suit," you will probably decide on a dress—instead of skirt—and jacket. Then you can be covered up in the morning, décolleté later—the set illustrated *right* would be equally at home at a regatta or in town: it is made of Italian rayon with multi-coloured flecks on a grey/green ground; the jacket is lined with spectrum green. By Roter, about 20 gns. at Cresta, Lytellton Road, N.2.; Anthony, Cardiff

TALL PEOPLE...

Illustrations by AUDREI

The clothes on these two pages were specially chosen as looking particularly good on women of over 5 ft. 6 ins. Extra inches are an asset in "carrying off" clothes, and the tall girl should make the most of her advantage. ***Above*** **is a summer coat in woven cotton, with a formal pattern of black on white: it is lined in black silk. By Koupy, about 33 gns. at Allardale, Berkeley Street, W.1; and by order from most leading stores**

She is the girl who can wear horizontal patterns, who can bear sizeable detail, such as big pockets. This simple button-through by Alice Edwards is in cotton with a decorated stripe on blue, green, yellow, turquoise, grey, pink or navy grounds. About £3 15s. at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street; Rockhey's, Torquay

Sparkling dress (*above*) by Susan Small in figured tinsel taffeta. The gathered bodice and panniers are divided by a high, streamlined midriff, designed to show off the tall figure. In many colours, including bronze, green and wine, about 9½ gns. at John Lewis, Oxford St.; Jenners, Edinburgh

Unusual dress (*right*) in grey wool, sheath-shape and beltless, with important front buttoning and cheeky pleated frill to finish the hem. A tall girl can wear such a striking, statuesque style to perfection. Made to measure in your own choice of colour by Madame Morell, 24, Curzon Street, W.1, for about 30 gns.

From the diagram below you will find it a few hours' work to

MAKE HER A DUFFLE COAT

The coat is cut in double material, the fold coming on the shoulders

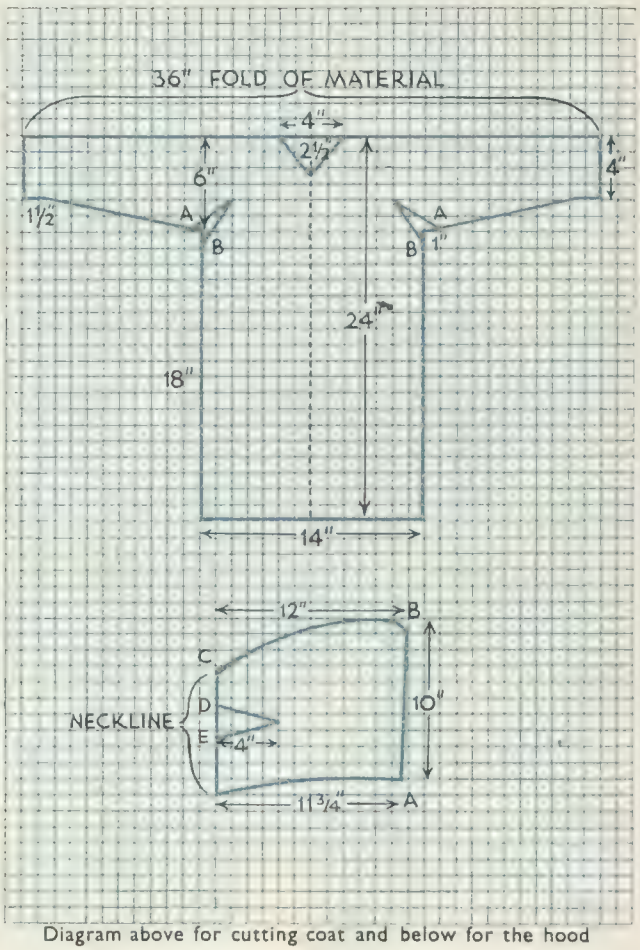


Diagram above for cutting coat and below for the hood

You will need 1 yard 54-in. or 46-in. material (camel-hair cloth or a woollen of a similar weight); matching sewing thread; 8 wooden toggles and cord to make loops; pinking shears; 3 or 4 hooks and eyes; 2 yards bias binding. The pattern is for a coat to fit a child approximately two years old.

First cut out a paper pattern following the measurements given on the chart: cut out material following directions on chart. Join A-B at backs and fronts of underarm, on wrong side. Then join side and underarm seams. Cut up centre front, then cut front neck shaping; 2½ ins. down from top make V for neck opening as indicated. Turn in a hem on left front on to wrong side, turn a hem on right side over on to right side. Turn in neck edge and tack all round. Finish left front inside with bias binding. Open all seams and press; trim with pinking shears. Turn up hem to required depth. Finish with bias binding or herring-boning. Turn up cuffs; bind or herring-bone. Cut out plastron front 6 ins. by required length. Turn in neatly all round and herring-bone.

Catch centre of plastron to right front of coat, top and bottom, then slip-stitch to right front along top, down side and to bottom. Sew on about 3 or 4 hooks and eyes to fasten fronts of coat together under plastron at 2½-in. intervals.

Sew on 4 toggles with cord loops each side of plastron; those on right side are just for show, the ones on left are to fasten.

For the hood, make a paper pattern by drawing out on paper a rectangle 12 ins. by 11 ins. ruled into 1-in. squares, then draw outline as shown in the chart. Use as pattern to cut out two pieces.

To make up, join both pieces along A–B, then B–C. Make darts each side by joining D–E.

For facing, cut out a piece 24 ins. long by 3 ins. wide on the bias. You may have to join material to fit this length. If so, press open seams on wrong side of material. Turn in and herring-bone one long edge. Stitch on other long edge as a facing for hood. Bind along facing inside hood to neaten.

Tack hood to inside of neck edge, taking care to centre back seam. Stitch firmly, then finish with bias binding.

Less than half a yard of gingham or cotton will make these

IRON-OUT-FLAT ROMPERS

TO make the rompers you will need only 12 in. of 36-in. wide material ; 8 small rubber buttons ; 1 large button for centre back ; card of bias binding (but you can use strips of material cut on the bias instead). The rompers measure 15½ in. from top of bib to bottom, but length of braces can be adjusted.

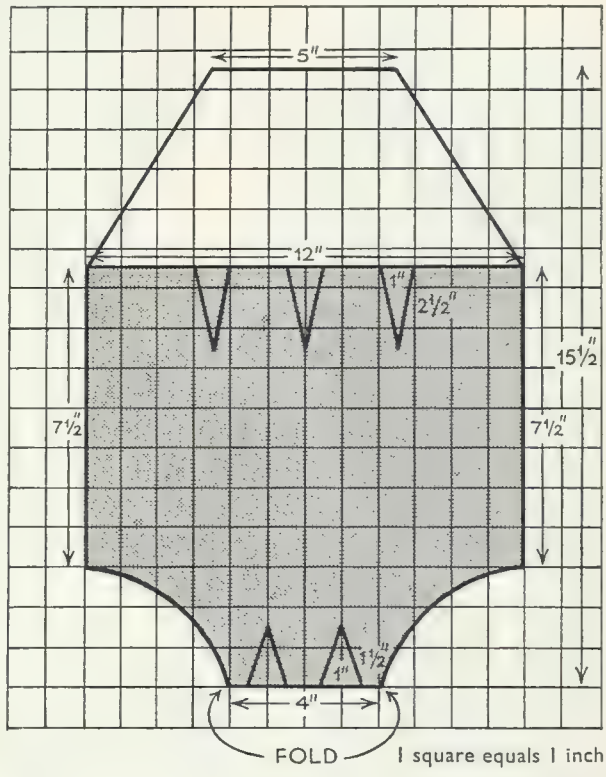
Make a diagram on squared paper and cut a paper pattern from the measurements below. Fold up short end of material for 10½ in. and cut as indicated.

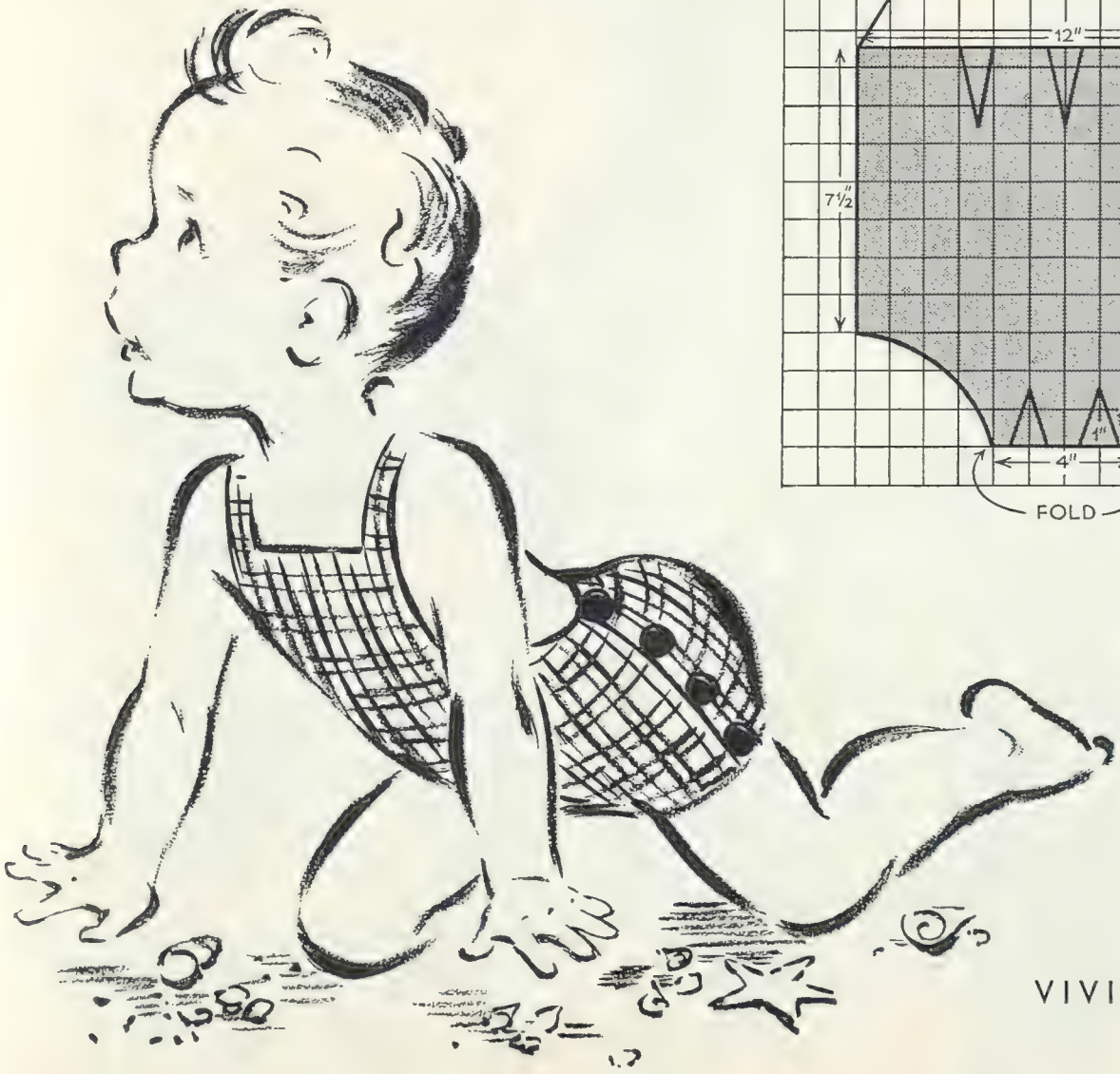
To make up : Mark darts at crutch and *back only* with pencil then stitch. Open out and press. Bind edges all round with bias binding. Cut a piece of material 10 in. by 2½ in. Turn in and press short ends, then long sides. Stitch along back top edge as a binding to form a band.

Sew large button centre back of band. Cut two strips for shoulder straps, 12 in. long by 1½ in. wide. Fold over and stitch along raw edges of long sides. Turn other way out. Stitch one strap to each end of bib on wrong side. At other ends make loops of elastic to pass over button, centre back.

Make similar loops at either side at bottom of bib. Sew on a button at each end of back top band to correspond. Sew on loops up side edges of front of pants, making sure to have one right at bottom. Sew on buttons in required position to fit conveniently.

The chart on the right shows how the rompers are cut in one piece. The shaded area represents double thickness of the material, the fold at the crutch being subsequently darted for a good fit. Elastic loops for buttonholes on the sides and for the shoulder strap fastening allow room for movement





Designs by VIVIEN INGHAM

She had to reach for the stars;

he asked only for a home. Into this warring marriage came the cat with the calm jade eyes

The WISE CAT

by URSULA BLOOM

"YOU'RE mad to marry," said the world.

"What'll you live on?" asked her mother, ever practical and house-proud.

"Love, darling mother! Love is ambrosia," purred Liz. She had never thought that she could care so passionately for anyone as she did for Richard, and it was a foregone conclusion that she could not expect her mother to understand. Mother had the home complex; she seldom saw beyond the door of an over-charming house in which the brass shone like gold.

It would have been just the same when Liz's actor father had died in the car accident at the time when Liz was pram-minded. Mother had concentrated everything on the home. I will never err that way, Liz promised herself, there is far more of Daddy within me. I'm creative, not domestic, and I'll go a long, long way.

Inspiration had sent her to R.A.D.A. It was the dream she had always wanted to come true and opportunity came her way. She was in luck. Her quaint snub nose and wide eyes had a certain attraction. R.A.D.A. did well for her, and she wrested the great medal from Pollie Dawkins—main runner-up for it, a girl Liz had never really liked. Liz was going far.

That's game and set to Pollie Dawkins, she told herself when London's leading tragedienne gave her the medal with an overdone charm. Good fortune adores snub noses, and Liz was selected for a tiny part in a West End production. She went home on wings. Over supper in the garden with home-made pies light as love, Mother purred complacently.

"And I've got a job," Liz told her. Though it was more than that, she knew. A restless and excited exhilaration made her feel that she walked on a cloud. It might not be a secure cloud, but the thrill of it fluttered her heart.

She worked hard at the job. She sat about in the wings slumped on wicker baskets and waiting for the leading lady to be ill. Leading ladies know better! Liz had three silly little lines of her own, but she prayed for more, and the hope wore her to a frazzle. At home Mother still murmured banalities about home giving a girl more than a career, for it *was* secure. Liz did not argue.

"I fancy the career. I'm like Dad," was all she said. For Dad had not cared a hoot for the home. Mother had said so frequently.

Just when she was her most despairing, she was offered a part in another show. Fate nudged her with a kindly elbow, and she did well. The critics appraised the snub nose, and were kinder than she had ever dared believe they could be. When the thrill of a glorious future lying ahead was almost too (*Continued on page* 62)

Illustration by DION

Decoration by SHEILA WHITBY

a Garden in the window

By D. R. BEBB

TRAVELLING the city's grey streets this bleak spring, my spirits rose when I caught sight of the multi-coloured window boxes brightening the fronts of the dull and smoky buildings. Why, I wondered, should I get such a lift of the heart because of a few flowering plants?

Fundamentally we are a nation of flower lovers, yet except for the usual "bunch" and the odd pot plant, not many of us ever think of giving our windows and rooms a permanent floral display. After some involved calculations that would make a mathematician turn pale, I came to the conclusion that window boxes, inside and outside the house, are well worth the initial outlay and trouble of maintenance. Outside boxes can transform the façade of a dwelling, and indoors they go a long way toward furnishing your rooms.

The outside window box must be strong; hard wood is the obvious choice these days, and it can be painted to match or contrast with the exterior and paintwork. The width and length of the sill determines the measurements of the box, and it is a good idea to leave three inches or so each end, in case it is necessary to bring the box in some time. Be sure you have plenty of holes bored for drainage, and the whole affair needs to be painted with a wood preservative.

MAKE sure the box is firmly attached to sill or house wall, and that little wedges are slipped under the box to allow the air to circulate. A good layer of drainage material goes in the box first, and then fill up to an inch from the top with good potting soil. Wait a few days before planting, as the soil will settle quite a lot.

Now comes the exciting part of it, choosing your plants.

All summer there is a large choice if your window is sunny, but it is best to keep to a definite colour scheme, preferably one that "helps" the exterior. A two-colour scheme is safe, three colours can give you a reputation for originality, but there it is best to stop. Use plants of varying heights if possible, and plant the tallest one in the centre of the box. Six plants are (*Continued on page* 63)

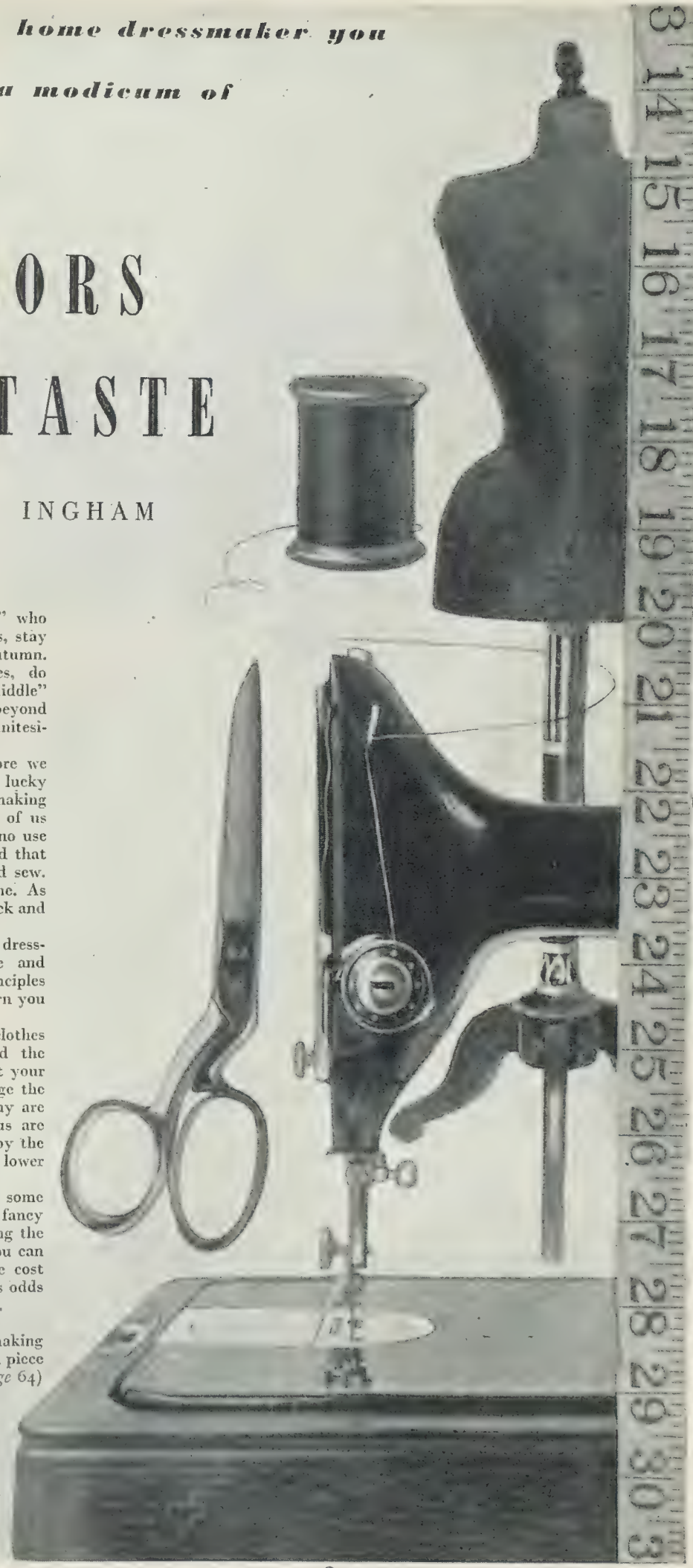
By "planting" outdoor and indoor window gardens with pot plants the rotation of flowers can be maintained from spring to autumn

THERE is wizardry in the assurance that good clothes can bring, but no magic is involved in home dressmaking. The "Know-how" is free to anyone with enthusiasm enough to study the simple principles. A reliable pattern is indispensable and the best of these are now available to you through our new Vogue Pattern Service announced on page 67

To be a successful home dressmaker you need enthusiasm, a modicum of experience, plus

SCISSORS *and* TASTE

By VIVIEN INGHAM



SOME of us remember the "little woman" who used to visit one day a month or, perhaps, stay in the house for a week in spring and autumn. She would make lingerie, cotton dresses, do alterations, renew curtains, put "sides to middle" and in fact make of herself a treasure beyond price though the cost of her services was infinitesimal by today's standards.

Now that this valuable jewel is no more we sew for ourselves or buy. Some who are lucky enough to have a natural aptitude for dressmaking take to it like ducks to water. The rest of us flounder along giving way to defeatism; "no use to ruin good stuff . . ." fostering the legend that there is magic in the ability to cut, fit and sew. I can remember the time when I felt the same. As a confirmed home dressmaker I now look back and wonder why.

All you need to become a competent home dressmaker is some common sense, patience and enthusiasm and a knowledge of the basic principles which are no secret. Given a reliable pattern you are then halfway there.

The advantages of making your own clothes are obvious to anyone who has suffered the frustration of getting ready-mades to fit at your own price. I should be the last to disparage the qualities of off-the-peg clothes, which today are often inexpensive and good, but few of us are stock size and the best materials are not, by the very nature of things, available in the lower price ranges.

By making your own clothes—or at least some of them—you can have exactly what you fancy when you fancy it. You can run riot among the dazzling variety of materials offered and you can afford the better among them because the cost of the stuff represents the total outlay, plus odds and ends of trimming and sewing materials.

But what about the making?

The failures of the beginner at dressmaking can be put down to a few causes. She sees a piece of attractive material (*Continued on page* 64)

Photographs by Mary Delane

Where a king was once held prisoner for many years. Pevensey Castle from the gateway. The ruined keep is in the background

RUINS

Here is the ghost of a tumultuous past, of knights and ladies and the rout of kingdoms

by SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

DRIVING east from Eastbourne, when the white classical façades of the Parade drop behind, you are inclined for a time to think that England is no older than the electric trains bound for Hastings, the television aerials, the gravel-pits and power-lines. Even the distant sea, glimpsed between villas, or round the back of bungalows, has lost its usual air of ageless wisdom.

Then you happen to look inland across the marshes, and the world is suddenly changed. An old medieval rhyme comes racing back to memory:

"Their swords are rust
Their bones are dust
Their souls are with the Saints, I trust"

The change in mood is the work of a ruin rising over the flat sheep-pastures like a ghost—almost an accusing ghost, I thought, when I first saw it, a Banquo among ruined castles. Yet as we approached it, the impression of harshness deserted Pevensey. Its walls, I saw, were no grim, uniform grey, but silver with a faint undertone of rose in them. Their curious subtle colouring, and the minute bricks of which they were composed, seemed dimly to recall the aqueducts of the Roman Campagna.

They might well, for Pevensey began as a great Roman fort, built in the third century when the Roman governors of this island were harassed by ceaseless raids from the other side of the North Sea. It was apparently a link in a chain of fortresses which the Romans threw up along the coast from Norfolk to the Solent.

Then, some time between A.D. 417–429, with the barbarians at her gates, Rome could no longer spare troops for the defence of remote Britannia. Better to do without the admirable

Pevensey Bay village with the famous Mint House, where Henry VIII's physician lived and Edward VI once stayed. Right: the castle gateway as it appears today, with ruins of the Norman drawbridge above the moat

OF Romance

British oysters, and recover a few precious legions to protect the Imperial City. So, the Roman legions departed.

For nearly six centuries the fort lay crumbling in the sea wind; the Saxons now and then would take bits of it to patch their clumsy houses. Then on September 28, 1066, William of Normandy's fleet swept into Pevensey Harbour, to end the Saxon-Danish anarchy. Not a man, to their astonishment, defended the fortress against them. The Saxons were not great men for forts, and Harold in any case was busy repelling a Norwegian army at Stamford Bridge.

The castle stands high looking over the River Ashburn and pastures where once the sea beat up to the gateway

Just outside the original walls of the old Roman fort built in the third century lies the church of St. Nicholas

BUT if the Saxons had no eye for a strong-point, the Normans had. When England had been won a fortnight later at nearby Hastings, her new masters began immediately to modernize the Roman coastal defences. At Pevensey, as at the other surviving Roman forts, a great Norman castle was reared in the corner of the Roman walls nearest the sea. It was made so strong that in all its history Pevensey has never been taken by assault.

It seems to have been regarded as the gateway into England. The Honour of Pevensey and the office of its Constable became one of the highest marks of favour a monarch could bestow. Brothers of the Conqueror, sons of King Stephen—all held and some of them embellished—Pevensey.

Standing within the Roman walls, with the reeds rustling in the moat, it is easier to imagine the tumultuous life that once thronged those courts and halls—knights and great ladies and important political prisoners like the first Stuart, the poet-king James I of Scotland, or Simon de Montfort attacking the place in vain—than to conceive the emergence of the marches, the gradual retreat of a discomforted sea.

JAMES, one of the many illustrious "guests" of Pevensey in its long history as a prison, was the son of the weak Robert III of Scotland. He was born in 1394 and his childhood was endangered by the disturbed state of Scotland, and particularly by the intrigues of his ambitious uncle the Duke of Albany, the classic wicked uncle of history. This gentleman had poisoned James's (*Continued on page* 66)

The walls are no grim, uniform grey but silver with a faint undertone of rose, dimly recalling the aqueducts of the Roman Campagna

BALISTERO ISLAND

By CLIVE BURNLEY

Illustrations by CRISP

SHE wore rose satin brocade, looped up to show a silk petticoat, and had fine lace at her neck and wrists, and shining Louis high-heeled shoes upon her feet. She sat on the sand in the crimson light of sundown and wished to die.

Mary Grayling was the name she bore and no haggard despair could altogether disguise her dark young beauty. She had been own maid in Barbados to a lady of position now lately dead of fever; thus released from service, she had taken passage for Bristol and home in the Hope and Venture.

The ship had carried her direct to Hell.

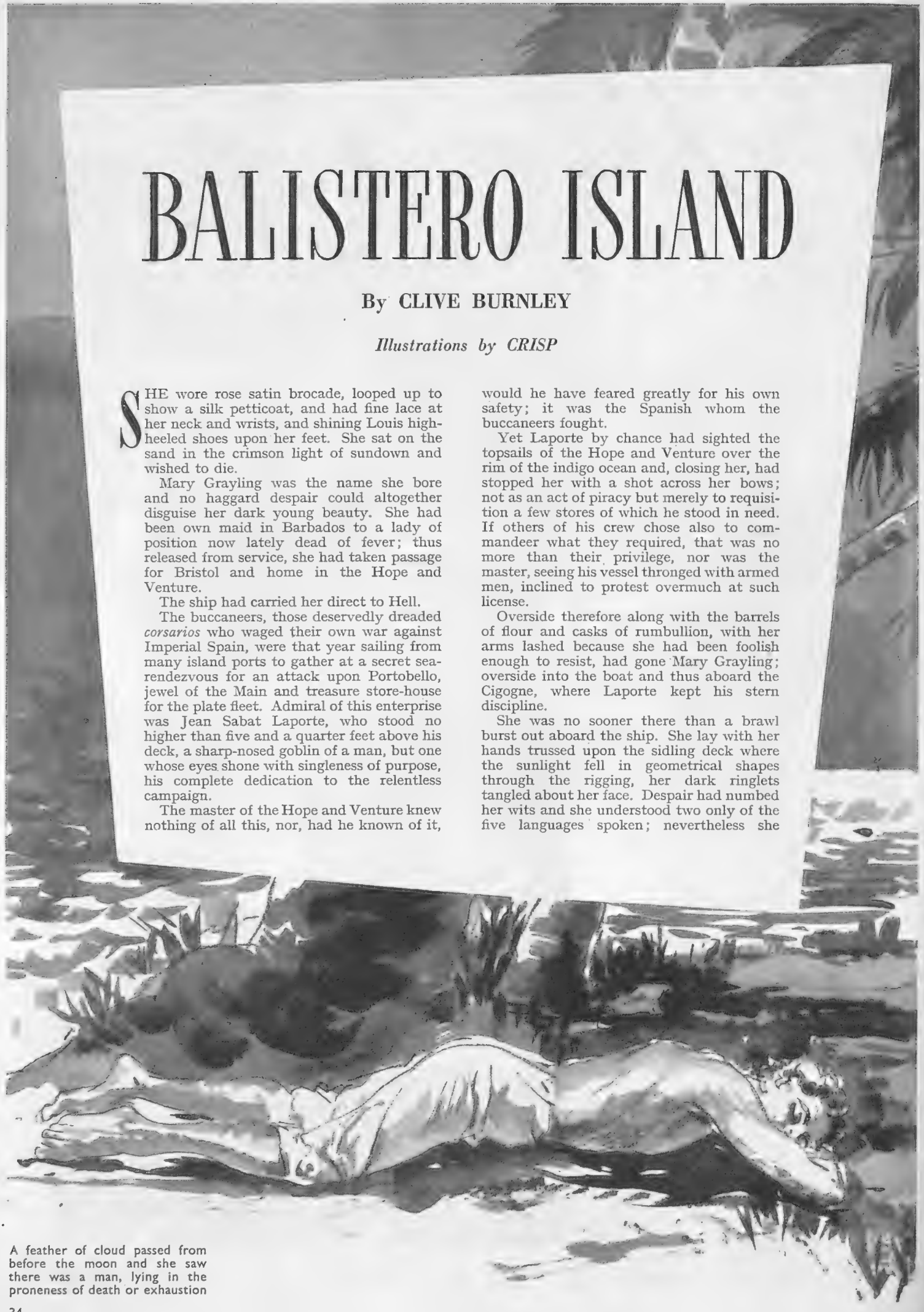
The buccaneers, those deservedly dreaded *corsarios* who waged their own war against Imperial Spain, were that year sailing from many island ports to gather at a secret sea-rendezvous for an attack upon Portobello, jewel of the Main and treasure store-house for the plate fleet. Admiral of this enterprise was Jean Sabat Laporte, who stood no higher than five and a quarter feet above his deck, a sharp-nosed goblin of a man, but one whose eyes shone with singleness of purpose, his complete dedication to the relentless campaign.

The master of the Hope and Venture knew nothing of all this, nor, had he known of it, would he have feared greatly for his own safety; it was the Spanish whom the buccaneers fought.

Yet Laporte by chance had sighted the topsails of the Hope and Venture over the rim of the indigo ocean and, closing her, had stopped her with a shot across her bows; not as an act of piracy but merely to requisition a few stores of which he stood in need. If others of his crew chose also to commandeer what they required, that was no more than their privilege, nor was the master, seeing his vessel thronged with armed men, inclined to protest overmuch at such license.

Overside therefore along with the barrels of flour and casks of rumbullion, with her arms lashed because she had been foolish enough to resist, had gone Mary Grayling; overside into the boat and thus aboard the Cigogne, where Laporte kept his stern discipline.

She was no sooner there than a brawl burst out aboard the ship. She lay with her hands trussed upon the sidling deck where the sunlight fell in geometrical shapes through the rigging, her dark ringlets tangled about her face. Despair had numbed her wits and she understood two only of the five languages spoken; nevertheless she



A feather of cloud passed from before the moon and she saw there was a man, lying in the proneness of death or exhaustion

could not fail to follow what happened. She saw the cutlass flash in the air and blood running bright as paint over a naked arm. She heard the clamour as from all over the ship men came clattering over the dry deck. Then the edge of Laporte's voice slashed the uproar into silence with no more than six syllables.

The dispute was laid before him. Arcignac, the wild-bearded Gascon, had first hauled Mary Grayling from her hiding place in Hope and Venture's forepeak; quartermaster Fleurion, about whose great limbs vein and sinew clung like a pale ivy, had lashed her wrists, and had scratches to show for it; Adam Bryce, the lank and thin-faced Welsh gunner with the arrogant eye and line of black moustache, had led the party which had boarded the Bristol trader. These three had argued their claims according to the holy laws of plunder, had passed from hot words to cold steel, and now stood upon that lazily tipping and slipping deck awaiting the judgment of Jean Laporte.

Laporte knew at once that the business was beyond compromise. It would have to take the ballot of blood, the chance of mortal combat; according to the use and practice of the Brotherhood of the Coast.

But this he dared not permit. The jewel to be grasped was Portobello; that was the object of present existence, the one high purpose under God. Could he endanger the success of this sacred mission by undertaking it without any one of these three especially valuable men? Could he afford to dispense with the impetuosity of Arcignac, born leader of forlorn hopes, the calm competence of Fleurion, the technical skill of Adam Bryce? Yet if he allowed matters to take their course he would certainly lose one, probably two, possibly all three of these men. The easier answer—the short blade across the girl's white throat—would serve no better, might even endanger morale.

THE Cigogne curvetted gently before soft airs, a thistledown fragment upon the great shimmer and jostle of the waters, and all at once there stood out along the ocean rim a line of coast like a purple thread. Laporte looked upon it and found his answer.

The buccaneers had other means of disposing of persons beside the narrow blade and the wide sea. In those island-speckled waters marooning was as much a part of their code as warfare itself. Marooning had many forms, from the lingering death upon a shadeless half-acre shoal to a comfortable term, with provision and shot, upon a green and well-stocked islet.

Jean Laporte gave judgment. Portobello, he said, Portobello, bulging at its warehouse doors with ingots, that was the prize. They must not take their eyes from Portobello. In a short week or so it would be theirs, with glory and riches enough for all. In the meantime this she-Jonah, this corrupting female plunder from the Hope and Venture, she could wait. She could wait in comfort and security and beyond all hope of escape upon that white-beached, green-feathered island now coming into focus on the port bow—Balistero, no bigger than a rich man's stable yard, so conveniently small that a rat could not elude a half-hour search, yet with water and shade.

Though they were short of victuals, Laporte promised to spare her enough, even wine and salt. Secure upon Balistero let her stay and then, when they had dealt like men and brothers with Portobello, they would return for her. Thereafter Arcignac and Fleurion and Bryce could have it as they chose—dice or drink or duel for her, it was no matter to him. But first, Portobello, Portobello only!—and the man who dared say otherwise was a traitor and a mutineer, and should suffer as such. The acclamation of the rest of the crew bore down the protests of the claimants.

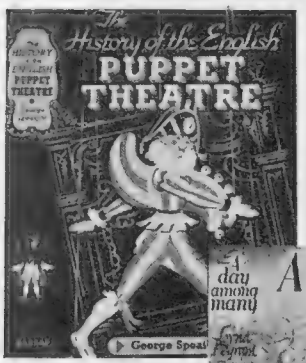
SO it fell out that Mary Grayling was landed with water, wine and victuals that very day upon Balistero. She sat beside the cask and barricoes they had left her and saw Cigogne, tilted by a freshening breeze, diminish and diminish, and at last climb down the slope beyond the polished horizon. She sat motionless and let the pains of hunger and thirst and spent emotion corrode her. Gone suddenly were all her hopes of home and comfort and she was sick from the personal affront of her seizure. From both her dangers and her fears death was her only escape.

Perhaps Laporte had not considered how easy it was to drown, or perhaps he had. The girl (*Continued on page* 60)

"Only do what I tell you, Mary Grayling, and there's hope yet!"

From Ethel Mannin's Burma travelogue **"Land Of The Crested Lion"**

BOOKS . . . . . *by TREVOR ALLEN*



George Speaight's **"The History Of The English Puppet Theatre"** (left) is a work for enthusiasts—and non-specialists, too

Lorna Pegram's **"A Day Among Many"** (right) is a story of the impact of twenty-four hours quarrel and reconciliation on a London couple and their friends

A COURT SUITE

BOOKS about living Royalty can rarely be frank, but A. Noyes Thomas gets near the line in a biography of Princess Margaret, **"The Queen's Sister"** (Wingate, 10s. 6d.). Chapters on "The Townsend Affair" and "The Men In Her Life" are more than somewhat eyebrow-lifting.

Lady Peacock has a simpler task with **"T.R.H. Prince Charles And Princess Anne"** (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). The text is intimate, the photographs—some new—are enchanting.

E. E. P. Tisdall makes full use of his greater latitude in a well-written record of the Greek Royal Family and their relations with the House of Windsor: **"Royal Destiny"** (Stanley Paul, 16s.). Balkan wars, revolutions, assassinations prelude serener sidelights on the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duchess of Kent. This book abounds in dramatic stories.

WHAT Western woman today would admit to being old at forty? Preposterous! Have we not heard the slogan: Life begins at forty? But in Burma over forty *is* old. Ethel Mannin discloses in **"Land Of The Crested Lion"** (Jarrolds, 16s.) that in Mandalay a young man told her: "We all think you are wonderful to be travelling about Burma like this all by yourself in your old age. . . ." Possibly this age-obsession is natural in a land of antiquity with so many ancient monuments. Here is a vivid travelogue of a country and people uncursed by "possessiveness or the urge to amass wealth for its own sake," with good photographs.

No doctor could have been more earnestly dedicated to his work than Luke Marsh in Morton Thompson's **"Not As A Stranger"** (Michael Joseph, 18s.). As a boy of seven he would tag on to the local M.D., carry his bag for him, sniff in his house "that wonderful smell, ether and iodine and alcohol and carbolic acid and salve," and dote on his surgical instruments! (Indeed, a phenomenal boy.) Yet he has to come to terms with his elemental human needs and those of others, including the devoted Swedish nurse whom he marries and neglects. His life, presented in clinical detail in staccato U.S. style in seven hundred pages, is a prodigy of medical realism.

To flout the "too old at forty" myth Peter de Morny parades twenty-nine famous women in **"The Best Years Of Their Lives"** (Centaur Press, 15s.) who did their best work or found new outlets for life and love after that age. They are from varied backgrounds—court, salon, science, religion, stage, art, literature—and include Mme de Staël, George Sand, Mme Recamier, Elizabeth Fry, Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Lilian Bayliss, old Grandma Moses and all: a noble company marching defiantly into the sere and yellow. The style is undistinguished but the story material exemplary and inspiring!

Pearl S. Buck of *The Good Earth* is certainly a dynamic over-forty with forty books on her score-board and a lively 468 pages to her autobiographical latest, **"My Several Worlds"** (Methuen, 21s.). I have been engrossed by her China girlhood as daughter of a Presbyterian missionary at Chinkiang, her breathtaking experiences in the 1927 revolution. She tells of a Manchu princess who returned from abroad in Western dress, plus waist-narrowing corset. Inspecting this grim garment and (*Continued on page* 65)

Beachwear from France . . . playsuit with cuffed, strapless top and asymmetrical buttoning

. . . jacket with detachable terry towelling lining

to lead a double life as beachwrap or loose fitted coat

Two-piece Beach Outfit

THIS tailored swimsuit, boned at the front for impeccable fit, is designed to be worn over abbreviated shorts. Over it goes a matching aladdin-length jacket with a button-in terry towelling lining to do duty as an after-swim comforter. Minus the lining, the coat will serve handsomely over a dress and, for these occasions, the buttonholes which served to anchor the lining are furnished with matching buttons sewn at intervals along a ribbon band. Alternatively a lining to match a skirt or dress could convert the jacket into a cardigan suit.

The jacket's other rôle, with ribbon-linked buttons to finish. The long-line dress, by Bijou, looks well also when it is worn without the belt

Photographs by JOHN COLE

THE PLAYSUIT

MATERIALS required are 7 (50-gr.) balls of Penguin Alpin, 4-ply wool in scarlet; 1 pair No. 12 needles; 2 strips of whalebone each 23 in. long; 9 scarlet buttons; 2 yards inch-wide scarlet grosgrain ribbon. Size: 36-in. bust. Tension: 8 sts. and 10 rows to one inch.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 134 sts. and work in st.st. When work measures 5½ ins. start working the darts.

Starting at right edge (right side facing) work 18 sts. and leave the remaining sts. on a spare needle for time being.

At left edge of the 18 sts. dec. 1 st. every ½ in. 10 times.

When work measures 14½ ins. inc. 1 st. at this edge every 4th row 10 times, and, when work measures 18¾ ins. leave these sts. on a spare needle.

Take up the next 58 sts. Dec. 1 st. at each end every ½ in. 10 times.

At 14½ ins. inc. 1 st. at each end every 4th row 10 times, and then, when work measures 18¾ ins. leave sts. on spare needle.

Take up the last 58 sts. and at right edge (right side facing) dec. 1 st. every ½ in. 10 times. *At the same time* at opposite edge dec. 1 st. every ½ in. 14 times.

At 14½ ins. inc. 1 st. at each end every 4th row 10 times.

At 18¾ ins. take all sts. on to the same needle and work on, increasing at left edge (right side facing) 1 st. every ½ in. 4 times.

When work measures 22 ins. cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 44 sts. and work in st.st. When work measures 5½ ins. dec. 1 st. at right edge (right side facing) every ½ in. 14 times.

When work measures 14½ ins. inc. at right edge 1 st. every 4th row 14 times and, when work measures 22 ins. cast off.

THE BACK

Cast on 160 sts. Work in st.st. and at 5½ ins. form the darts. Starting from right edge (right side facing), work 50 sts. and leave remaining sts. on spare needle.

Dec. 1 st. at left edge every ½ in. 10 times and *at the same time* at right edge every ½ in. 14 times.

At 14½ ins. inc. at left edge 1 st. every ½ in. 6 times, and at the same time at right edge every ½ in. 8 times.

When work measures 18¾ ins. leave sts. on spare needle.

(*Continued on page* 66)

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Macaroni and ham salad, top centre, makes a piquant supper dish. Cook cut macaroni, drain and chill. Flavour mayonnaise with tomato purée, add macaroni and mix. Pile on to a plate, surround with chopped ham and garnish with black olives.
To accompany cold meats, try cress and cauliflower salad. Arrange the prepared watercress on a plate with flowerets of cooked cauliflower. Garnish with sliced tomatoes and nuts and sprinkle with vinegar.

COOKERY by

JANET DARBY

FRIDGE FOOD

THE two most important items of equipment in any kitchen are the cooker and the refrigerator, and at this time of the year I am not sure that I would give the cooker pride of place. On reflection, I concede that during the warm weather they can be regarded as equal partners.

The refrigerator is not merely a cold storage chamber. It is that, of course; but it should also be used as a cold *cooker*, adding hitherto unknown delicacies to the culinary repertoire. So, to start you off in this direction, here are some recipes for cold cookery.

But first, a few facts. The average temperature inside a refrigerator should be between 40 and 50 deg. F. This is *shelf* temperature, as a thermometer will prove; the ice-making compartment is colder.

I prefer to keep tomatoes, bananas, and fresh fruit such as apples and pears in a cool larder, but salads and green vegetables, washed and kept in polythene bags on the lowest shelf, are all the better for a spell of several hours in the fridge. Any berry fruits should be kept, *uncovered*, in a bowl on the lowest shelf. Fish and other strong-smelling foods must naturally be well-wrapped before storing in the refrigerator. I use the second shelf for this, and also for eggs. Milk, cream and butter should be placed on the shelf next to the freezing compartment, and, if absolutely essential for keeping purposes, so should cheese, although I think some of the flavour is lost by freezing. I prefer to keep cheese in a cold larder. Fresh meat should not be completely covered. Never overcrowd your refrigerator; keep perishables only in it, using the larder shelves for tinned foods, packages, pickles and sauces. In the case of tinned meat, put it in the refrigerator an hour or so before opening.

The recipes under the colour picture will give some variations on the salad theme. Now here are some other tempting hot weather dishes :

ITALIAN PEACH SHERBET

1 *large can peaches*
2 *cups granulated sugar*
1 *cup water*
1 *teaspoon grated lemon rind*
Juice of 2 *oranges*
½ *teaspoon rosewater*
½ *teaspoon almond essence*
2 *whites of eggs*

Boil the sugar, water and lemon rind together for five minutes. Put aside to cool. Drain the peaches, and measure off one cup of peach syrup. Rub enough peaches through a sieve to make one cup of pulp. Add the syrup, pulp and orange juice to the cooled sugar syrup. Add the almond flavouring and rosewater. Mix well and pour into the freezing tray. Cover with waxed paper and freeze till nearly firm. Meantime place an empty bowl and a rotary beater into the fridge to chill. Remove the nearly frozen mixture from the tray, place into the chilled bowl and beat with the rotary mixer till it is quite smooth. Beat the whites of egg till stiff, fold into the peach mixture and return to the freezing tray. Freeze until quite firm. Serve decorated with whirl of cream for each portion, and a half peach as garnish. (*Continued on page* 68)

Top: Sally Barnes, a rising exponent of the cockney character part. *Above:* Bebe Daniels whose appeal to women listeners lies in her endeavours to maintain the status quo between father and the children

Why so many funny men and so few funny women? Are the comediennes really less numerous or is it that men script-writers are holding them back?

EVERYBODY likes a good laugh and the various television planners are working hard on at least a score of comic series. Practically all of these feature funny men. Aren't there any funny women? Of course there are. And some of them are brilliant. What then is the reason they do not feature in light entertainment in the same way that men do?

The answer is as simple and complicated as any other psychological phenomenon. Men rarely understand and generally do not like funny women. The majority of producers, managers, agents and scriptwriters are men.

One of the most basic natural instincts in women is a sense of vanity. (If you do not like the word vanity call it pride; it's just a matter of point of view.) We take ourselves and our appearance seriously and quite sensibly realize that we get nowhere if we don't. In ever-repeating, endless cycles of mother-son, boy-friend-girl-friend, husband-wife relationships we have taught, or conditioned, our men not to treat us lightly.

In the world of show business all factors contribute to actresses attaching even more importance to themselves than ordinary women. Certain extremes may be amusing orirritating. The sultry eyed, buxom starlet gilding a première in a skin tight lamé is wrapped in an aura of self-importance that is a perfectly natural, logical result of her environment. Men can understand her and can cope with her.

It is quite a different proposition for them to deal with a woman who cuts capers, laughs at herself and her fellow-women and possibly even laughs at men. That's not natural and men don't like it. This may not be the age of chivalry but I believe that most men find it a little embarrassing to laugh at women in any but an avuncular or paternal manner. And for some reason, that is not at all clear to me, men seem to find it easier to be avuncular or paternal

Audiences laugh not at Beryl Reid (*above*) but at "Marlene" or "Monica," and Elsie and Doris Waters achieve the same identity with their comic but always basically loveable cockney characters

Who's being funny?

towards women who have a certain amount of sex appeal. That somehow explains why there are producers and scriptwriters for light and musical comedies but not for comic series starring women. The former call for a certain love interest whereas the latter eschew it.

Take the case of Avril Angers who has done at least two television series with the B.B.C. She is young, pretty and she can sing and dance. Unfortunately Avril does not take herself seriously as a glamour girl. She has tried, but something inside her starts to giggle which is fatal for the femme fatale. Male scriptwriters and producers are disconcerted. They sense that Avril has a gift that is rare in all but the greatest comics but they have, at least so far, been unable to realize her potentialities.

Like Chaplin and Norman Wisdom, Avril Angers is a little person, a victim of circumstances, the butt of inanimate objects in a bullying world. She is the innocent philosopher faced with a (*Continued on page* 68)

By FREDDY BLOOM

Hermione Gingold (*top*) specialist in the saturnine brand of wit which amuses men more than women. *Left:* Avril Angers who has yet to be well served by her scriptwriters. *Above:* Pearl Hackney, seen with Freda Bamford, gets the laugh from women with her portrayal of the familiar feminine foibles vis à vis domestic life as Eric Barker's wife

Sun on your Skin

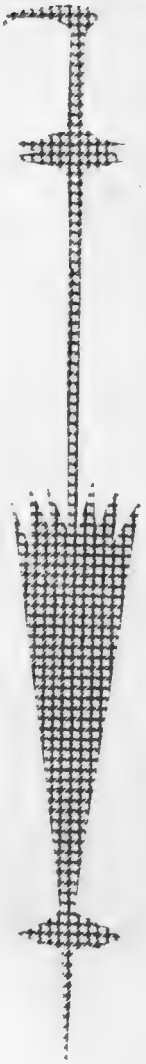
what's the Latest?

Suntan preparations are the topic of the month. One which has been created by the combined efforts of chemists, dermatologists and beauty experts can be used if you want to tan without tears, or if you want to avoid tanning all together. This is Dorothy Gray's Sunburn Cream (6s. 9d.), a creamy, non-sticky emulsion in a pretty smoke-blue opaque bottle (it is delightfully perfumed). It can, incidentally, be used as a make-up base.

Turning from town-pallor to holiday-bronze presents a quick-change make-up problem, neatly solved by Crookes Personal Blend Liquid Cream Foundation. This is a new idea in make-up technique, particularly applicable at this time of year. The kit comprises one bottle of dark toned foundation, one of light and an empty bottle. One and two are blended in three which can be adjusted day by day, adding an increasing proportion of the dark, to keep pace with your developing tan. The complete set is 13s. 6d., one bottle of either the dark or light shade, 6s. 9d.

What lipstick colours go best with suntan? This year the decree is—all shades of pink, from soft rose to shrill pink. In the first class is Max Factor's Crushed Rose (made in standard sizes and also in the new small size, price 4s. 5d., refills 2s. 6d.). In the second, Helena Rubinstein's Torero Pink (10s. 6d.), a dazzling colour for sophisticates. Torero Pink, incidentally, is matched by a Stay-long Nail Lacquer (7s. 6d.), in the new bottle with its clever spill-proof "flow brush" applicator.

Holiday travel hints . . . slip a perfumed cologne stick into your handbag as a quick refresher on the journey, and to use as a solid perfume later. Goya have launched them in their well-loved fragrances including Black Rose and No. 5, price 4s. 6d. As for the problem of transporting one's cosmetics, plastic containers are, of course, the solution, but transferring lotions to special travelling containers can be a messy and wasteful operation. Goya, fortunately, are presenting their Liquid Beauty (5s. 6d.) in a new plastic flask, unbreakable, unspillable and eminently packable.



CAN too much sun-bathing cause premature wrinkles? Will a nutmeg brown tan, courted assiduously in the teens and twenties, change a lovely complexion into a dried-up hide at the age of thirty-five or so? The question is in the air at the moment, and there is a certain amount of evidence to indicate that our grandmothers may have been right to shelter their milk-white complexions from the sun with parasols, and even to use cheek-screens to shield their faces from the fire.

As one authority points out . . . isn't it significant that wrinkles appear only on the portions of the body which are constantly exposed to the light and air? That hands and faces become lined while the rest of the body, usually protected by clothing, remains smooth? It is also well known that women who live in the tropics suffer from dry skins and have to fight a constant battle with the heat and the sun to keep their complexions youthful.

With the last two summers we have had in England, the question may seem purely academic. We consider ourselves lucky to get any sun at all, and certainly seem to run little danger of excesses in this direction. Nevertheless, the sun, lurking behind a typically English grey sky, may still be able to penetrate through the clouds in sufficient strength to ravage an unprotected skin. Women who live in the country, or by the sea—particularly by the sea—who lead an out-of-door life, have a special complexion problem. (In cities, on the other hand, the dust and impurities in the atmosphere, obnoxious in all other ways, at least play a benevolent rôle as partial sun-filters and prevent complexions from becoming scorched and burnt.)

Sunshine in moderation is, of course, the best beauty treatment for any skin. You have only to see a dimmed, sun-starved complexion suddenly blossom after two days' holiday in the unpolluted sea or country air, to prove it. But sun in excess can produce all the symptoms of a first degree burn, including the characteristic drying, cracking and consequent wrinkling of the skin. In theory, at any rate, constant sunburning might well produce a network of fine wrinkles . . . and one or two specific cases seem to bear out theory in practice.

The lesson for everyone here is twofold. To get the maximum benefit from the sun without either long-term

If you have any beauty problems, write for advice to Chrysis.

. . . *by CHRYSIS*

After a decade of tan-at-all-costs, beauticians are beginning to question the all-beneficence of the sun and to ask, "Can excess sunbathing cause lines and wrinkles in the still-young complexion?"

or short-term ill effects, the skin should firstly be protected from the injurious sun rays. Secondly, lubrication is necessary to put back into the parched skin some of the oils which the sun has dried out. The first is achieved by using a filter sun-tan preparation, the second by massage with whatever cream, lotion or oil best suits your skin type.

But the function of these two types of preparation should not be confused. A sun-filter preparation need not necessarily be a lubricant, and its particular job is to cut out the *burning* action of the sun. A lubricant is not a sun-filter (unless it is a special dual preparation, in which case it will clearly say so), and its sole function is to minimise the *drying* action of the sun. If you use a lubricant as a "sun-tan cream," the result might be worse than leaving well alone . . . smothering yourself in any cream or oil which has no sun-filter properties is tantamount to basting yourself like a joint for the oven.

USE the sun-filter preparation while actually lying in the sun, and lubricate the skin at any time *except* when you are sun-bathing. Olive oil is an excellent natural lubricant and is an inexpensive all-over body treatment. A little olive oil massaged into the arms, legs and shoulders, followed by a warm bath, will take the "tightness" out of a skin following a too-enthusiastic bout of sun-bathing.

It is, however, the face which appears to fall the greatest victim to sun excesses. Wrinkles round the eyes appear with alarming alacrity in people who are out long hours a day, whether for pleasure or duty. Screwing up the eyes against the strong light is probably a factor here. Sun-glasses are chic and can be becoming. Use them, rather than lament a network of fine lines round the corners of the eyes. As for your complexion generally, give extra emphasis to the nourish part of the three-way daily beauty routine, cleanse-nourish-stimulate, and always wear a protective make-up foundation.

Arguments for and against the sun's role in causing premature wrinkles are still inconclusive, but in the meantime, it is just as well to remember that there *might* be something in it.

"Britannia and Eve", Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2

SHOPPING ...for you

By Margaret Sharp

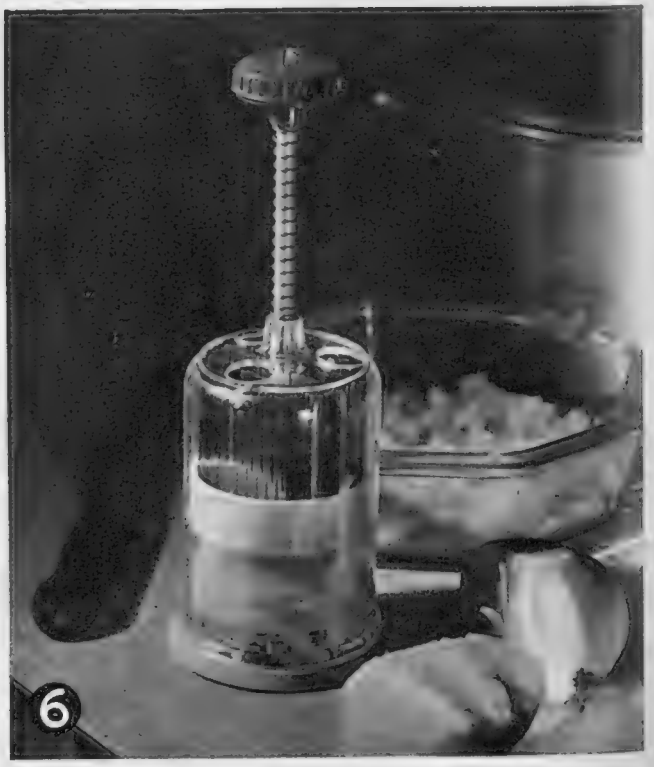
1. Food mixer with two rotary beaters that works by hand. It will beat a cake mixture or any other mix merely by turning a smooth-running handle. From Selfridges of London, W.1. The price is 27s. 6d., postage extra.

2. Sparkling English cut glass by Webb Corbett. Wine decanter and set of six glasses, elegantly stemmed, with narrow vertical cut lines and flowers, is around 9½ gns. A water set of jug and six tumblers is 8½ gns. This glass can be ordered from Peter Jones of Sloane Square, London, S.W.1

3. An egg-timer that has everything. An indicator can be adjusted to soft, medium or hard-boiled ; the timer is then swung up and when the egg is cooked to the pre-setting, a bell rings. Neat and cheap at 5s. 3d. Selfridges, London, W.1.

6. A new way to chop onions without tears or "onion hands." The base is wood, the cover is plastic, the choppers are metal, and it can, of course, be used to chop other vegetables equally well. From Selfridges, London, at 14s. 6d.

4. A de luxe can-opener which will give a lifetime's good service in the kitchen. Mounted on the wall, it will fold flat when not in use, swing outwards when required. A lever action grips and pierces the can in one movement. Refinement of this particular model is the magnetised lifter which holds the lid clear of the tin after cutting. Available at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, S.W.1, price 37s. 6d., plus postage.



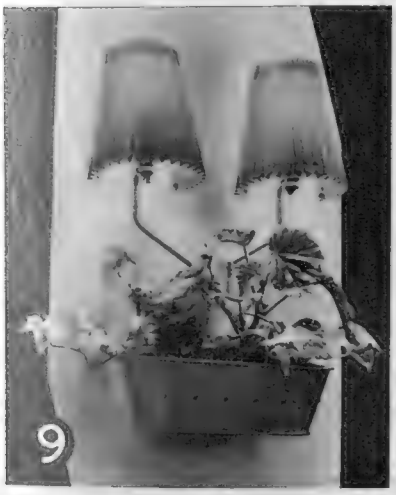
5. The ingenious method of increasing storage space in the small kitchen by mounting wall cupboards right up to the ceiling makes a stepladder an indispensable part of kitchen equipment. The Sky-line stepstool combines a stepladder with the other kitchen indispensable—a working stool—in the best-yet way. The steps just lift down when required, flip back inside when finished with. Available in a range of colours at 59s. 6d. Army and Navy Stores, S.W.1.

7. The new Presto pressure cooker with a red anodised lid. Price £3 17s., with separators 7s. extra, available at John Lewis, Oxford Street, W.1.

8. You can dispense with the oven cloth, which always disappears at the needy moment, if this metal clamp for removing hot dishes from the oven hangs with the other kitchen gadgets. From Selfridges, 3s. 6d.

9. Fleurlite floral lighting, created by Siemens, incorporates new ideas of decorative lighting and indoor plant cultivation using Siemens' Silvalux lamps, ideal for plant culture. This wall fitment is £5 1s. 6d.

10. A Fleurlite table model, price £4 1s. 1d. Both models obtainable from Siemens Ltd., 38-39, Upper Thames Street, E.C.4, postage and packing extra outside delivery area.



ON THE BEACH...

and in the SWIM

Two beach accessories, a stole in striped terry towelling and a sun hat in raffia, both quick and easy to make

You will require 1½ yds. striped terry towelling (inch-wide stripes are best as they are easier to match up) and 1½ yds. of white cotton fringing for the stole.

To make up, cut the towelling in half lengthwise, and matching the stripes, join the two lengths together. Cut off a piece 8 ins. deep for the pockets from one end and then hem all round. Hem the pockets all round and stitch to either end of the stole. Finish off with the fringe at the top of the pockets and the ends of the stole.

Instructions for making the raffia hat appear on page 66.

Photograph by JOHN COLE

Illustration by T. RANDALL

B.B.C.'s Peter Duncan helps his family load up . . .

The Holiday that pays for itself

IT is like that old jazz song—" Everybody 's doing it, doing it . . ." It seems that nearly everybody is buying a caravan.

Among new owners are the Royal children, who, I am told, are delighted with the pint-sized caravan presented to them in May by the Caravan Club of Great Britain. The excitement was so great when the 6 ft. 9 ins. long caravan arrived at the Palace that the Duke there and then hitched it on to his car and took the children for a ride.

It always seems to me odd the shopping that visiting Royalty do in London. Emperor Haile Selassie bought a dish-washer for the Imperial kitchen sink back home. Queen Soraya could not resist a puppy, but the Shah settled for a caravan, which was shipped out to Teheran.

Among celebrity caravan-owners are Stanley Matthews, Jon Pertwee, cartoonist Giles (with Grandma and all those little horrors), and TV comedian Johnny Lockwood. One of the really super caravans is owned by millionaire and racing-car builder Tony Vandervell.

In the circus world prestige is judged not by the quality of the wife's diamonds or the variety of her minks but by the size of the family caravan. Mr. C. Birkmyre, of the Billy Smart Circus, is a king among caravan-owners. He not only has all the mod. cons. such as a cocktail cabinet, television set, tape recorder and reversible maps, but oil heating under the floor and air-conditioning in the summer. Two layers of rubber under the carpets turn the caravan into a giant marshmallow.

When I first knew Peter Duncan of " In Town To-night " he was living in a caravan. There was Peter, his wife Sylvia, two children and a huge dog all living like amicable sardines in one small caravan. Sylvia recently made a holiday tour of Italy in it. Even Gilbert Harding has succumbed and bought himself a caravan.

In all it has been estimated that 50,000 families or 120,000 people are now living in Britain in caravans. As the means of an economical family holiday the caravan solves many problems. Generally speaking, taken over the period of about three seasons it pays for itself.

The caravan craze has even stretched to the Continent. Last year 1,700 caravans went (*Continued on page 67*)

. . . Sylvia Duncan and the children set out on an extended Continental tour to Rome and Naples, while husband Peter waves good-bye. The caravan chosen by the Duncans is a Berkeley " Europa "

The larger caravans provide most of the amenities of a luxury flat—even to a tiny bathroom with bath and wash-basin. In smaller models bathroom space is sacrificed and a sink may do double duty

Deryn Morton

A COMPLETE SECTION OF

Children's Clothes

With Autumn in View

NEW FABRICS FOR CHILDREN

PRETTINESS and strength are the important factors in children's clothes. Until recently it was rare to find both in the same garment: either pretty but flimsy, or strong but dull was the rule. Now, however, they can be found together as never before.

For little girls there is Taiho, acetate shantung coming in bright, clear colours, from 5s. 11d., 36 ins. wide.

Nylon remains a firm favourite for party wear, and can be bought printed with tiny floral patterns suitable for clothes in miniature. When buying ready-to-wear nylon dresses (and terylene and acetate garments), look out for the Autoseam process, which heat-seals each edge, making it into a selvedge, and eliminates fraying—an important point, especially on such items as collars, pockets and frills.

Pleated terylene skirts (as illustrated) are now being made for small girls from five years upwards: unfortunately, there are no orlon sweaters to top them yet, though there are plenty for mothers, and one hopes these will soon be scaled down, as they are soft, tough and relatively inexpensive.

For small boys, shorts made of wool mixed with nylon will minimise patching; wool and ardil, which is moth-proof and shrinkless, is another good mix. And nylon socks will mean less darning for schoolboy sons.

Talking of socks, there is a wonderful new anti-shrink process which prevents felting as well: it has the extra virtue of improving the colours of wool because the processing takes place *before* dyeing, and, far from impairing the quality, it actually makes cheap wools softer. It is particularly effective on mixtures in which wool is combined with terylene, silk or nylon as it prevents the wool shrinking but does not harm the other fibres. Children's socks, shirts, shorts and underwear that have undergone this process will be generally available in the shops from September onwards, so look for the "Dylan" label which will guarantee that clothes have been through the new process.

Going outdoors, boy and girl can each have a duffel coat. There is a trend (especially in the case of boys) away from velvet-collared, princess-line garments to the "tougher," more American-styled clothes. Bonnets are giving place to berets: gaiters to trousers. A modern choice would be a duffel coat in nylon fur, lined with tartan, or a silicon-proofed windcheater (both illustrated).

Husky hand-knitted golfer with collar that can be buttoned right up to the neck, £2 15s. 6d.; pleated skirt in terylene and wool by Jobrey, £4 9s. 6d. Both from Lillywhites

Duffel coat in snow-white "Nylaska" (nylon fur) Available at J. Freeman, Easton St., London, W.C.1. About £5.

Right, reversible gold/brown windcheater in Celanese "Everdry," by Wee Willie Winkie, £1 12s. 6d., at Staples, Esher; Binns, Edinburgh

Dress in tinsel-striped rayon organza with stiff underslip. Peggy-Ann model, about £3 19s. 6d., at Peter Jones, Sloane Square, London; Brown's, Chester; Henderson's, Glasgow

CLOTHES THEY WILL LOVE TO WEAR

A riding outfit correct in every detail—velvet cork-lined cap, £3 15s., black or brown. Soft caps, £2 6s. ; jersey in canary botany wool, £1 19s. 6d., available in many other colours ; jacket in Scotch tweed, £8 18s. 6d. (others from 6 gns.) ; string gloves with brown palms, yellow backs, 14s. 6d. ; crop, £1 7s. 6d. ; Jodhpurs in cavalry twill, 12½ gns. (others from 7 gns.) ; Jodhpur boots with elastic sides, £4 19s. 9d., can also be had with ankle straps. All from Rowes, 120, New Bond Street, W.1.

Corduroy pinafore frock, with many blouse variations possible, bottle-green, nigger, royal blue, scarlet. By Sterling, 34-in. length, £2 10s. ; 36-in., £2 12s. 6d. ; 38-in., £2 15s., at John Yea, Plymouth ; Will Brown, Portsmouth.

Red and green tartan slacks, about £2 4s. ; emerald-green knitted lumber jacket, about 2 gns. By Kidax at D. H. Evans ; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham.

One should never forget that boys—even quite small ones—are essentially men in miniature rather than children, and that—as soon as they begin to have minds of their own (which can be very early)—every detail in their lives must be correct, workmanlike, an exact replica—scaled down—of the grown-up world of their fathers. When he goes ski-ing, therefore, his outfit must be effective and safe. On the right we illustrate a Grenfell " sanforized " pre-shrunk ski jacket with draw-string waist, two zipp breast pockets, and another in the nape of the neck containing attached Balaclava hood. No chink for snow to get in here. The jacket sketched was in lemon yellow, £6 10s. Luxurious chamois mitts with snug-fitting ribbed wrists, £1 2s. 6d. Ski trousers in closely-woven black wool, easy to move in—a sportsman's in miniature, £4 12s. 6d. All from Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, W.1, from whom the ski boots may also be bought

Cotton sports shirt in primrose and other colours, £1 15s., at Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Tie with an ultra-contemporary design of space ships, flying saucers and universe aviators to appeal to men of the future; in Tootal rayon, guaranteed washable, 3s. from leading stores everywhere. Dunlop Play-shoes with " gripping " rubber soles and coloured canvas uppers, price 4s. 6d. at Russell & Bromley shops

NOON AND NIGHT

Gay tartan gathered pinafore skirt, *right*, in pure wool with pinafore bibs back and front buttoning on the shoulders : there are two capacious pockets on the skirt. Warm and bright, it would be perfect for winter worn with a flannel shirt. £3 16s. 6d., for 30-in. length, at Jaeger Shops. Smaller sizes from £2 15s. 6d. For a happy bedtime, the " Lambkin " dressing gown in pure wool, pink, blue, or red, with fleecy lambs appliquéd. £3 6s. 6d. for 27-in. length, larger sizes also available, from Jaeger Shops. Chinese-style pyjamas in white, pink or primrose rayon, starred and piped with blue, sizes 28–40 ins., prices from £1 17s. 6d.—we illustrate size 32 ins., which is £2 2s. 6d. By Elizabeth Ann, at Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford Street, W.1 ; " Little People," Guildford ; Henry Barrie, Manchester. Cosy slippers embroidered in many colours on black, blue or red rayon satin, sizes 11–2, by Newmans, about 13s. 11d. from Lotus and Delta Shops

Illustrations

by

AUDREI

Small boy's French-made T-shirt in knitted cotton—non-iron and eminently washable : white striped with a bright primary colour. 15s. at Lillywhites. Tough Bedford Cord shorts with buckled waist, in brown, fawn, royal, wine, grey, navy and green. By Teen-i-Tailor, 14s.–17s. according to size, at Selfridges, London ; Beatties, Wolverhampton ; Shirley, Romford

Fitted coat for a small girl in puppy-tooth tweed, sky blue and mushroom; coral, grey and turquoise; sky blue, grey and emerald. Collar and pocket flaps are piped with velvet in the predominant colour, and the back is cut in six narrow panels flaring out into a full skirt. By Sterling, £4 10s. at Jones & Knight, Ealing Broadway ; T. Foster & Son, Lincoln

Indestructible sail cloth dungarees—the ideal wear for outdoor play : they keep the child cleaner, and protect her from grazed knees if she falls. There is a pocket in the bib as well as hip-pockets. In green, blue or tan, £2 19s. 6d. at Lillywhites, Piccadilly. The windjammer completes protection against wind and rain : in Celanese acetate jersey with quilted acetate satin lining. Both garments suitable for girl or boy

FIRST STEPS . . . *are vital steps to foot health and comfort in later life . . .*

Clarks' shoe at Lilley and Skinner. Photograph by John Cole

Beautiful feet are made or marred in childhood when the small foot is soft and tender and can be easily distorted by being wrongly shod. The right shoes will bequeath to the toddler a lifelong legacy of foot health and comfort

MANY adult foot troubles are the result of wearing the wrong shoes in childhood, when the soft, still growing foot is most vulnerable to the distortion which pressure will impose on delicate bone and muscle structure.

A baby should not wear anything on his feet except wool socks, roomy enough to allow him to curl and uncurl and spread the toes and intended solely for warmth. Only when the child begins to walk should he wear shoes and then only if the floors are unsuitable for bare feet. But he should play as much as possible without shoes.

The child's first shoe is different from those needed at a later age. First steps are toddling steps and the baby braces himself with feet apart, putting one foot ahead, instead of in front of the other, as in an adult's walk. The feet are not bent, but planted down, the toes gripping to maintain a balance. The child's first shoe, then, must be deep at the toe to allow for this vital toe movement.

A shoe with a soft, light, unlined upper is best, so that the child feels little extra weight on his feet. It should be long enough to allow for growing, yet bracing firmly round heel and ankle. A lacing shoe is best, as it can be adjusted. Strapped shoes, in any case, are not good for the heavy child.

Many young children appear "flat-footed" because the infant foot is padded out with fat and the arch is invisible. But watch the child when he is kicking in the pram and the arch is clearly visible. Only when bearing the weight of the body do the feet appear "flat." If the ankles show signs of leaning inwards to an extreme degree and with knock knees, a doctor should be consulted. But often with the help given by a correctly fitted shoe made by shoemakers like Start-rite, who have specialized in the requirements of the young and growing foot, the child will grow out of these weaknesses.

WHEN the child begins to walk, his feet grow fast. The big toe becomes bigger and stronger than the others and the outline of the foot changes. Shoes by reputable manufacturers are designed to correspond with these changes as the child gets older.

The important factors in choosing shoes for a child are flexibility and fit. Stiff shoes make muscles lazy. Shoes should be supple where the toe joints bend and firm in the arch.

As for fit, new shoes for a child walking normally (not toddling) should allow $\frac{3}{4}$ in. between the end of the longest toe and the end of the inside of the shoe. In width, the shoe should be wide enough for all the toes to lie in their natural position.

Too small a shoe can do irrevocable damage to the bones of the foot, and as children's feet grow quickly, shoes should be checked every three or four months to make sure they have not become too small. The fitting of play or house shoes is as important as walking shoes and all the same rules apply. There is a lot to be said for shopping at a specialist store, like for instance Daniel Neal, where the needs of children of all ages are so thoroughly catered for.

ELIZABETH and her SURREY GARDEN

Time to Stare

The garden always has its tentacles around the heart and interest of the gardener, but August is the month to admire the fruits of past labour and to plan the new, says . . .

ELIZABETH HAY

I THINK of July and August as our holiday months from the garden. With so many meals served outdoors there seems time to sit and admire, rather than to work and, in any case, there are too many other calls on my time (preparing the family to go away) for much gardening.

In a sense our holiday from the garden is a mixed pleasure, relaxation being mingled with anticipation of the work piling up.

You can never really get away from a garden or—if you are like me—really want to. I spend much of the time in my deckchair when we are at the sea planning what I will do when I get home—particularly about bulbs which must be thought about before long, especially the pots and bowls for the house.

I have had some lovely indoor shows of bulbs since I prepared the bowls for planting with a good inch of vermiculite well soaked in water. This covers about an inch on the bottom of the bowl, then I put in bulb fibre or bark fibre also well soaked and squeezed out.

All bulbs except hyacinths should be covered by the fibre. Hyacinths like to have their noses peeping out, and one must give all bulbs enough room for their feet.

Bowls should never be less than four inches deep and those with vertical sides are best. With deep bowls you can arrange a double show by putting two layers of bulbs with fibre in between, staggered so that they are not one above the other. Bury the bowls outside in the garden under ashes or leaf mould for two months; by this time they should be well rooted. There is no better way of giving them the cool, dark conditions they need for this. They are naturally watered by the rain and give no trouble. When they come indoors keep them damp always.

I have been very successful with Hyacinth Rosalie, a rich rose which flowers by Christmas. There are, too, some specially prepared hyacinths which will produce great fat coloured spikes by Christmas time without forcing. Normally it is January or February before we get them.

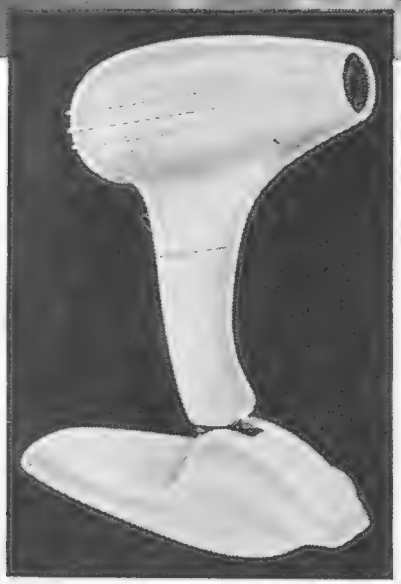
OF all the prepared daffodils—I mean the early flowering ones—*Soleil d'Or* have proved themselves to us to be the earliest and most reliable.

I have been longing to try freesias in our greenhouse and I intend to do it this year. Our greenhouse *is* frost proof otherwise it would be impossible. They can be grown from seed but this must be sown earlier in the year and since I am too late for this I shall get corms and plant them in pots filled with ordinary potting soil. They should flower in February and March when I shall either bring the pots into the house or cut them. This is, I think, the better way since they are rather tall in pots. They need careful staking because it is fatal to let the stems bend over. I wouldn't attempt to grow freesias indoors from the beginning like other bulbs. A half dozen pots in the greenhouse will give me some fine freesias indoors if all goes well.

I shall try to take (*Continued on page* 68)

Illustration by HELEN KIRBY

You'll be happy with a G.E.C.



Really, it's almost like having a private hairdresser. You can dry your hair so pleasantly and thoroughly after you've washed it. You can set your home-perm or a new hair-style so quickly and firmly.

As for the children, they love having their little heads blown dry with warm air instead of being towelled and tangled. What a lot of time, money and bother it saves to have a G.E.C. hair dryer! You can even dry your nylons with it.

Designed for beauty

It's streamlined, modern. Lovely to look at and finished in gleaming cream plastic. It is easy to hold and to use. The stand is optional, but not easy to do without—and you'll be glad if you buy it.

Easy control—and guaranteed

Two switches. One to turn it on and off. The other to provide a steady flow of quick-drying hot air. Fitted with a suppressor to prevent radio and television interference. Guaranteed for 12 months. What a lovely present for a birthday or a wedding . . . or indeed for yourself at any time.

DM395 **£4·19·9**

(Stand 19/- extra)
Both Prices include Purchase Tax.

You must see these other G.E.C. *favourites*

The **Bride's Iron**
Super-speed **Kettle**
Fast working **Toaster**
Cleaners and **Floor Polisher.**

Obtainable from your usual electrical supplier

The General Electric Co. Ltd.

Yes, Miss Anders (*Continued from page 8*)

had ever produced was any good. The hired woman who had sternly supervised his motherless childhood had swept his crayon drawings up and crumpled them with just such chill disdain.

At the Arts Academy, too, his efforts had been nervous and tentative. One "C" in Design had been enough to prove to him that he had valued himself too high, that he had better pack up his canvas and his kit of paints and depart. No, whatever issued out of him was destined for defeat, including the little creature coming into air and light—for what?—for death.

"It's getting late," he said, and put her from him and sat down and drank his coffee, tepid with sitting too long, tepid and sickening, like his unsuccess.

It would be hot—the day's discouraging heat was prefigured for him in the droop of the roses set in the middle of their glass-top table. It would be hot, and the frozen grey eyes of Miss Anders would follow him around the store all day, watching for him to loosen his tie or unbutton his collar.

It was Trudy who started the conversation. These last three weeks, she had been the one to try to dispel their silences, and there was something infinitely pathetic and childish about her efforts: she always seemed to him like a little girl sitting in a confusion of strewn blocks, beginning all over again after some vast tower, laboriously built, had been smashed by a careless passer-by. "Did you think up a colour scheme for the Hoffman living-room?" she said.

"Yes. Green and orange and pale blue—" He was staring at the aquarium, and his mouth fell open. Fish! "There ought to be a big glass tank of fish all along the window of the room, under the flower-boxes, under the philodendron and the amaryllis—" It came upon him, almost as strong as desire, his vision of that room, his yearning to create that room. High up—twenty stories up—an ultimate home for two aged people who were settling down at last after violent storms and long wanderings. They were past seventy; they would not be going about much any more, everything—all of the basic stuff of life on this planet—should be there in that one room for them to see and know.

"All the basic elements," he said, "everything gathered in one place—fire on the hearth and water in the aquarium and earth in the flower boxes, and air—but there's plenty of air up there. I saw it—blue, everlasting blue, nothing but blue on the other side of the glass——" He halted, feeling himself ridiculous, but was helped on with it by the look in her eyes.

"That old Viennese doctor and his wife, they'd like it, they'd know what I mean. They're not like her. They wouldn't say, 'Elements? What elements? What are you talking about?' They'd get it right away, they'd see what I'm giving them—all in one place—earth and air and water and fire."

FOR a long minute she smiled at him. His futile ecstasy of foredoomed creation was buoyed up by her smile. Then she put her thin hand across the table, across the sugar bowl and the wilted petals, and touched his hand. "Why are you afraid of her?" she said. He had thought it was obvious. He was amazed to be informed, by the candour of her look, that she really did not know. Well, then, he would never tell her. Never tell her that the icy grey orbs under the heavy lids saw more clearly than her own eyes. Sent a pitiless X-ray shaft into the very core of him, and detected something insufficient, despisable, incurably wrong at the core. Something nameless, but so hopelessly damning that it tainted everything he thought, everything he did. Darkened the colour on the brush, bled the vitality from the penpoint, blasted the dream in the brain and sent the seed foredoomed and sickly to the womb.

"Why? If you could only tell me why——"

"Why not? She has the power."

"The power of what? To hire and fire? Who cares—" There was desperation in her quieted voice—"I often wish she'd let you go. There are worse things than being fired."

"If she fired me—" He could finish it only in his mind. It was unthinkable to tell her how, if he went from that place without either cleansing or justifying himself, he would go with a mortal sore in his life, would move from failure to failure, each one of them more shameful than the last.

"If she fired you, you'd have a better job in a week," she said. "Anybody but that one would see what you're worth."

Useless to answer, useless to talk about it at all. . . . He shrugged and kissed her on the forehead and went out, leaving her sitting over the crumpled flowers.

THERE was a bowl of roses, too, on that Empire desk in *her* fan-cooled cubicle at the end of the store; but these were fresh and fine and half in the bud as yet—yellow tea-roses that seemed to have taken unto themselves some of her perfection and her imperviousness.

And she, sitting in flowing sand-coloured silk with lace at her round white throat and lace at her plump white wrists, she with her hair wound in taffy-coloured coils as unchangeable as loops of spun sugar, she with no flaw of sweat or mole or freckle on her dull white cheeks and nose and brow—*she*—was she mortal?

If only his little hole of an office had not faced directly on to hers! The thirty feet of swathed drapery material and little tables and samples of carpeting between them was not enough—only a fifty mile stretch of the Gobi Desert would have sufficed. Try as he would, he had not been able to keep his eyes or his mind on the colour chart for the Hoffman living-room. Again and again he had looked up, always encountering her vigilant eyes. And now the orange was dull and the green was dim and the blue was insipid.

So far it had been a bad day, one of the worst. Even the playing around—the futile visions, the melancholy excitement of foredoomed creation—had been tainted by glimpses and snatches of other hateful little dramas conducted in her breezy and exquisite room. Having finished with him—after all, he was an easy prey—she had taken on a worthier opponent. Janie MacIntyre, twenty-four and handsome and courageous with the knowledge that marriage would liberate her from all this in a couple of months, had, in a fit of sheer high spirits, put her arm around the waist of the aged elevator operator and waltzed him down the aisle.

The lace frill had flipped back again from the round white wrist; the delicate finger with the coral nail had crooked in an ominous summons; and Janie had answered that summons with her auburn hair borne out on the electric current of her rage. What passed had been audible not only to him but to everybody in the back of the store.

He had conjectured, from her stiff back and her clenched hands, that the young woman was considering two months' salary, was asking herself which would be more gratifying: a certain striped sofa on which the down payment had been made last week or the fierce relief of pouring out an anger that had swollen her heart almost to bursting over a period of three years. The decision had been in favour of the sofa. "All right, Miss Anders, all *right*!" she had said.

But at lunchtime, in the hot little hole in the wall where the two of them companionably saved their money for their marriages, Janie had gone on for half an hour about what her silence had cost her, what she could have done, what she could have said. "You know," she had told him, chewing fiercely on a rye bread sandwich, "I had a tough time keeping away from that vase of roses. I wanted to bump into it and knock it over in her lap, I wanted to see her look upset and messy once, like anybody else."

To see her upset and messy, reduced by a mere trickle of water to the stature of the rest of human kind—all through lunch and for a long time thereafter he had tried to imagine it, but he simply could not achieve the image. And after a while he had been driven close to distraction by another maddening scene. Two prospective customers, a middle-aged, moustached worker and his plump wife flamboyant with beads and ostrich feathers, had been ushered into her shrine; and she, nourished on lobster bisque and ice coffee and frosted into energy and crispness by the cooling-system of her favourite French restaurant, had been confusing and belittling and shaming them for the better part of an hour.

They were not—so she would tell the members of the staff later on in the afternoon—the sort of customers whose business was appreciated at Hearth and Home. Slowly, enjoying every minute of it, she priced them out of the place, showing them a few fabulous imported coffee tables within reach of nobody but a millionaire, eliciting their admiration of hand-blocked silk and informing them casually that it could be had at the relatively reasonable price of eighteen dollars a yard. He watched them go away despising themselves.

And, seeing that she was totally occupied with what she could be up to next—there was a far-away, dreaming look in her grey eyes and she was delicately nibbling at the end of her little finger—he realized that he was the candidate: nothing more interesting had offered itself. "Mr. Corbett," she said in her peculiarly piercing voice, "could you find a moment to bring me what you've got?"

"Yes, Miss Anders." He was too beaten down with dullness and heat to sense the impact of crisis. He detached the drab product of his wretchedness from his drawing-board and carried it across the thirty feet between them as if it were the standard of a defeated army, trailing at his side.

AND suddenly it seemed to him that he was standing in the kitchen of his childhood—a dreary, buff-coloured room he had not remembered for twenty years, except, perhaps, in evil dreams. He was standing in that kitchen—small, small, his forehead pressed against the edge of the table, and he was mourning bitterly, in loud and terrible sobs, over a sin that he had committed, a sin so vast and terrible that he could not even understand it. By painting, merely by happily painting, he had spoiled something inestimably precious—he had spoiled a white scarf that belonged to the woman he had instead of a mother. And he had not meant to spoil it, he had only meant to make it doubly beautiful to delight her and to appease her.

He had decorated it all over with wonderful orange water-colour butterflies. And this had filled the room with darting, smacking violence: he saw his brushes scattered on the floor, he felt the hard hand pounding at his back and face. "Devil! Filthy little devil! Now you've done it, this is the end, I can't put up with you, I'll tell your father I'm leaving this very night." And she was the one that made the supper and gave him his bath and unlocked the door to let him in when he came home from kindergarten. What would he do henceforth? Eat raw carrots like the rat in the cupboard? Stand on the rickety porch in the snow and the thunder and the rain? Be dirty forever and have lice on his collar? Get thinner and thinner and die and be put in the cemetery under a stone?

"Is this what you've done since nine-fifteen this morning?"

He had begun at nine-four, but he let it pass.

"I had nothing else to do. That was all you gave me." He stared at the roses now and thought that *his* protest sounded like the whine of a bewildered and affronted child.

"Well, if you had any initiative of your own——" She coughed and refrained from overtaxing herself: her blood pressure was not what it ought to be, and the thermometer showed ninety. "Orange, green, pale blue. . . ." She could find no (*Continued on page 58*)

fault with it; in fact, from the meditative tone of her voice he could tell that she rather fancied it and would look elsewhere to discover a flaw. "What was your idea?" she said.

"I'm not sure what you mean, Miss Anders."

"Your basic idea, your underlying thought——"

Damned if he was going to hand her his dream of the elements to poke and maul. . . . "I don't know, I can't remember. I thought they were old, and a person ought to give them something vital and restful at once, I guess."

"And how did you intend to use these colours?"

"Blue on the walls, green for the rug, the orange mostly in accents—little things—cushions, pottery, flowers." He saw a cold interest growing in her eyes, and he knew he should proceed with caution; she had a cavalier way of taking other people's ideas and claiming them as her own. "White, too, there ought to be something white. I thought of a hassock, sort of off-white and woolly——" For some insane, incomprehensible reason, his tenderness for that dreamed-of hassock had got itself entangled with his tenderness for Trudy: he saw his wife turning toward him, holding out her long, thin arms to him in her sleep.

"And what," she asked, with the air of one who is about to pose a profound philosophical question to a ten-year-old, "what do you mean to do about that problem-space, that big curved window at the end of the room?"

"Plants at the window—masses of plants—philodendron and amaryllis. Under them, right up to the window sill, a glass tank of tropical fish. Fish'd be good for the two of them—they could sit and watch the fish when they were too tired to do anything."

"Fish . . ." she said, obviously stirred, clasping her white-and-coral hands under her chin and looking him straight in the face; and for an instant he indulged the vain hope that, after years of this sort of thing, he had captured her grudging admiration. But, of course, it turned out immediately to be otherwise. She was interested in fish, she explained, because somebody had given her just such a tank as a gift, a curious and expensive thing, equipped with a hose and a pump. She had been meaning to get some fish for it, but she knew nothing about the slimy things. . . .

"A fish," he told her, feeling somehow that in defending his marine life he was defending Trudy and their mutual enthusiasm and their common home, "is not a slimy thing, Miss Anders. If you put your hand down in the water and let one of them brush against you, there's nothing slimy about it. They're as smooth and clean as a piece of wet silk."

"Really?" She straightened, and brushed his colour chart to the furthermost reaches of her desk with a contemptuous hand. "Where do you get your silky fish, Mr. Corbett?"

"At Marmorra's, down here at the corner."

"I'll tell you what. . . ." Laying a sheet of carbon paper, soft-side down, on top of his morning's work, she opened the middle drawer of her desk and pulled out a small, sand-coloured calfskin purse. "Since there's no point in your doing anything more about *that*, suppose you run down to Marmorra's and get me what you would consider a decent collection of fish."

IN the miserable half-hour of the working day that remained after he had come back with the fish, he examined his motives, knew why he had done what he had done, and felt a hot, dry joy that he had dared for once to vent his hate. In his fury at having been used as an errand boy, in his humiliation at having taken money out of her hand like a child sent off to the grocery store, he had spent an hour in the coolness of Marmorra's, peering into the glass tanks in search of the ugliest, most frightening, most vicious looking fish, saying exultantly, "I'll take that horrible one with the hanging jowls," and, "Give me that hideous fellow with the popping eyes."

Ten fish—she had not looked at them as yet—were swarming about in the manilla container with the wire handle, set on the corner of her desk beside the roses. And when she opened them—if only she would do it here in the store!—she would be stupefied. He had made for her a masterpiece of loathing, a peerless collection of nightmares.

He had only one regret. There was a certain fellow in the poke that he hated to render up to her cool dislike. There was a fat black fish that he would have liked to give to Trudy—Trudy would have been able to see and would certainly have prized his slobby, droll, good-humoured ugliness.

HE was not even stirred out of his torpor by a piece of news passed on to him by Janie MacIntyre: it seemed that old Dr. Hoffman had just wandered in to see how the living-room was progressing; and *she*—being caught short with nothing else to shoe—had been forced to produce his colour chart. Furthermore, the customer had been impressed, had carried it off to show it to his wife, a fact which doubtless accounted for a sudden accession of nervous drive on Miss Anders's part: she had called in a secretary and was dictating ill-tempered memoranda.

"Mr. Corbett!" He had a distinct conviction that she had said it two or three times; and he started up, hating the blush that came into his face.

"Is it safe? Taking a fish home in a paper thing like this, I mean."

There was an uneasiness in her tone which roused him and brought him even without a summons across the thirty feet of lamps and draperies and into the breeziness of her little room. Is she afraid of those fish? he thought, and smiled, for he had never seen her afraid.

"You'd think they'd give you better containers than this—something that couldn't possibly break."

"I've carried fish in those any number of times. I never had one break."

"Still. . . ." Her finger, tentative with evident loathing, ran along the edge of the poke, withdrew, cleansed itself by passing through the freshness of the roses. "Maybe I ought to leave them here tonight. Maybe I could bring something more suitable, something stronger, from home. Maybe I should wait and take them home tomorrow night."

"They'd die." His voice was strong with protest against unthinkable cruelty. "They're crowded against each other in that thing. They've scarcely got room to move. Leave them here tonight and tomorrow morning you'll find every one of them dead."

"Oh. . . ." He could see her considering possible ways out. Would she stop up the washbowl in the restroom and leave them there? He knew suddenly and with wonder that she wasn't at all clever, would never be resourceful enough to think of such a solution. Would she order him to take them back to Marmorra's? Scarcely—not now—she was looking at him with a new uncertainty since he had raised his voice, and for the first time he found that he could sustain, without flinching, the steady gaze of the cold grey eyes.

Would she offer them to him as a gift? For an instant he half thought she would. And he knew that, even if it meant acquiring the good-humoured monster, he would certainly refuse. "You know, Mr. Corbett, This wire holder"—she wiggled it and tugged at it to test its moorings—"It doesn't seem awfully secure, does it?"

It won't be he thought, if you keep pulling at it like that.

"It might come off."

"Lift it and see."

She lifted it, holding it out with a scarcely curved arm at a safe distance from herself. The waxed manilla paper was not quite opaque, and the last of the day's hot light showed through it, and he could see the shadowy shapes inside. Then—was it predestined, had he known from the beginning how it would be?—one of the creatures leaped in fright, and the delicate fingers flew open, and the carton went down, broke on the desk, spattered the decorous air with water and fish, and splashed the inviolable coronet of her taffy-coloured hair.

One fish slid along her arm before it landed among its leaping, struggling fellows on top of the carbon paper and the ill-tempered memoranda about trivial things. She screamed at that—she screamed so loudly that Janie MacIntyre and the timid elevator operator and the stockboy came up behind him to see. He stood with his hands in his pockets, smiling. Oh, she was nothing—like the woman who had abused his childhood, she had never been anything—and he knew it at last.

She was not perfection, she was not omniscience, and the power she had was an illegitimate and meretricious power. She was as weak as she was cold, afraid of fish and cruel enough to let ten of them writhe under her nose without lifting a finger. "Oh, for heaven's sake! Oh, they're horrible! They're the most hideous things I ever saw—I couldn't bear to touch them. Who would have thought a fish could be as hideous as that? Mr. Corbett, do something! Oh, for heaven's sake, pick them up and get them out of my sight!" she said.

He waited, his hands still in his pockets, knowing that a fish can live out of water for a surprising length of time and realizing what strength, what assurance of eventual deliverance the unbending lines of his back would be giving to those who were looking on.

"Please, Mr. Corbett." For the first time in four bitter years, he saw her eyes actually seeking his, sending him imploring flashes from under the thatch of her dripping hair. "Please!"

He did not answer her. He turned his head over his shoulder and asked Janie MacIntyre, very calmly and deliberately, if she'd be good enough to fill the washbowl in the restroom. Then he took her precious roses out of the vase and threw them on the floor. "This'll do to transport them in," he said, and rescued the poor wretches one by one, tenderly detaching their drying scales from the papers on the desk.

IT was late, it was almost half-past-six, when he opened the door of his apartment, but he did not care.

In fact, matters had so worked themselves out that he had not the slightest temptation to depart from Hearth and Home, Inc., as he had departed from the Arts Academy. Here he had triumphed, and here he would remain, coolly laying claim to his proper share of the work.

She had even remarked how lucky it was that his colour chart had been carried off by old Dr. Hoffman before the accident. She had even said—spreading her spotted skirt in the draught from the electric fan—that Dr. Hoffman had been downright impressed.

Besides, he had a present with which to appease Trudy. He came into the kitchen with a tumbler in his hand. "Look," he said, "I brought you this all the way on the subway. Isn't he a wonderful ugly monster? I snitched him from the mean old thing."

"You snitched him from Miss Anders?"

"Yes, and I got him and nine others like him, bought them for her at Marmorra's, and she dropped the whole carton, and she got soaked, and she looked perfectly ridiculous. They were all over her desk, wriggling and jumping, and she wouldn't touch them, didn't dare to, and she absolutely begged me to pick them up, and I did, but I took my own good time about it."

She dropped the pot-holder and gave him one wild look.

"I'm doing the Hoffman living-room. They're coming in day after tomorrow, and I'm going to tell them about the four elements——"

"Of course you are!"

"What do we do to celebrate?"

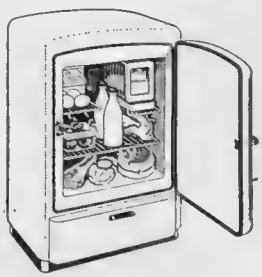
"Couldn't we go to the beach? It's so hot, and there's nothing the matter with me, I'm perfectly all right."

"How are the babies? Let's put the monster in with the other male and go and have a look at the babies."

And so they did. For another ten minutes, while the meal turned cold on the table, they stared at the shimmering cloud of life spread wide now on the water, and they held each other's hands and knew the soundness of their hearts.

END

Do you expect me to believe that there are actually homes without refrigerators? If so, how on earth do they make *sure* food is kept fresh and wholesome?
Of course, my people don't take chances. What's more, I hear them say our gas 'fridge costs practically nothing to run. You see, it saves waste as well as preserving health. A gas 'fridge they say is best. It has no moving parts to wear, and it does its work silently and reliably year in, year out.
See the latest gas refrigerators at your gas showroom — *and ask about Mr. Therm's easy terms.*



GAS—to be sure

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE BEST USE OF THE NATION'S COAL ISSUED BY THE GAS COUNCIL

Balistero Island (*Continued from page* 36)

sat there mourning herself while sunset burst over the western sky, while the world darkened and the stars came out, and the reeling walls of water upon the beach glowed green in the light of a gibbous moon.

She did not stir for many hours, she could not tell how many. She did not stir until, not ten yards from her, the great slug came crawling out of the glitter and hiss of the breakers on to the sand and lay there.

Then a feather of cloud passed from before the moon and she saw that it was a man, lying in the proneness of death or exhaustion.

A few steps closer and she could see his face in the moonlight. His eyes were tight shut, his mouth agape with gaspings and retchings, and the cold light fell thinly upon his cheeks; yet she recognized him. He was Adam Bryce, Laporte's Welsh gunner.

This was the man whom half a day earlier she had seen fell Fleurion with a single blow and face Arcignac's cutlass with his bare hands. Now he lay there so spent that she might have strangled him at her ease. For one second she did in fact contemplate doing so. However come out of the night and the sea, in whatever condition arrived, this man was of the Brotherhood, kin to all that pitiless navy, a man whose presence could only mean her defilement and death. Yet when he groaned she was too much woman not to go to him and to drag him a little farther from the lips of the ocean.

He opened his eyes for a second and stared at her wildly. Then amid his gaspings for air he uttered the one word "Navigation!" and the next moment was senseless again.

When daylight came he seemed to be sleeping easily, spreadeagled on the sand. For four hours more he lay thus, while the girl watched him. Then he sat up, shook his head and ran his hands through his hair. He stared at Mary dully for a moment before light came into his eyes. Then her fears rose again within her; he gave her an arrogant smile barbed with malice or mischief.

Mary Grayling spoke first.

"How came *you* here?"

"Fish-ways!" said he. Immediately, with self congratulation and a boastfulness of tone, he told her how he had come, pausing only to tip water into a pannikin and drink.

Adam Bryce had some reason for pride. The thing he had done had been so close to being completely impossible that only brave unreason in the doer and most fortunate befalling in the circumstance could have brought it about at all.

He had taken himself quietly overboard from the Cigogne at nightfall and had battled his way through he could not guess how many miles of dark and tumbled ocean where the sharks had grinned beneath his pallid finlessness. And the supreme wonder was his landfall, his coming out of that void so exactly upon the tiny strand of Balistero.

It was true that the island had still been in sight astern when he had taken to the water and that he had known the ocean current set at that place towards the main; even so the best he had dared hope was that he should survive to the continental coast, where judicious stealing of a *piragua* might have enabled him to reach Balistero. To have navigated with such precision as to arrive at Mary Grayling's very feet was beyond imagination miraculous. But not, it was clear, to Mary herself, who heard the story with sad hatred in her grey eye.

"If you had swum six oceans you would never swim into my favour. I shall kill myself before you——"

He interrupted her with a great laugh and swore a sailor's oath by blood and powder.

"Don't dare to fancy I do so much for your favours! You might well have less love for yourself, my lady."

He knew a dozen Port Royal harlots, he said, who might fetch him as far as he could walk; he would swim a league of dark water for none, for they were easier come by. As for such milk and water virgins as herself, with whey for blood and hearts of cheese, they were no more to him than sand crabs.

"So don't do yourself the honour to have any fear of me," he said, "unless perchance we run low in victuals when like as not I'll turn Carib and eat you. Until then, rest easy."

"But on the ship——"

"Aye," he agreed. "There was passion enough to be sure, aboard the ship. But for my part you had no part in that. It was only that Arcignac and Fleurion and I have had a longing these three weeks past to cut each others' throats; 'twas their blood I lusted for, not your virtue. That was one reason I turned fish; they were like to have me murdered last night."

Mary was puzzled. If he were only anxious to escape from his enemies aboard Cigogne why had he been so anxious to reach Balistero, when clearly the mainland would have given him better opportunities of successful escape?

"Well now," he answered, "you see the truth is that Balistero and I are of old acquaintance. I was here five years ago with Koortman. It was here on Balistero we buried Con Kennedy—a high and signal honour for any of the Brotherhood to be laid in dry earth at all. Not," added Adam, "that I've come to say a prayer at Con's grave—he's beyond salvation and always was. No; the fact is Koortman buried something else on Balistero—the church plate from Santa Catalina, worth a king's ransom."

"But," said Mary, "the Cigogne will return and when they find you——"

"It'll be a full month before they have done with Portobello," said Adam. "Time enough for a wandering boat of logmen from the main to call at Balistero. It's the chance I'm staking my life on."

"And *my* life?"

"I doubt," he said with a sneer, "whether you'll find the logmen any more tender of what you value so highly than the Brotherhood."

That day and the next Adam Bryce did very little but lie as he chose in sun or shade. Thereafter weariness left him.

MARY now found that she was not overplagued with his company. They met sometimes when he came to the store dump to eat or drink, or when they chanced to visit the spring at the same hour; at such encounters he cast only casual words at her.

But on and after the eighth day he began to bring her morning and afternoon, as she sat by her casks, a pannikin of water from the spring, a service very unexpected and welcome, but neither given with much grace or received with particular thanks.

A few days later, however, it seemed that solitude had at last destroyed Adam's taciturnity, which had never sat very naturally upon him; when they met by the store dump he would launch into largely one-sided conversations.

At first he spoke of hopes of rescue. He told her how once he had spent two seasons with the logmen and therefore knew, as Laporte did not, that these outlaw Anglo-Saxon lumbermen sometimes made Balistero a rendezvous; they would eventually get passage for Jamaica or the Northern Plantations.

"But I have no hope of mercy with the logmen," said Mary desperately. "You said so."

"Well, they're wild men," said Adam thoughtfully. "But then so am I, when I have the mind." He sighed. "It'll be a sore trial to me, but a messmate's a messmate, breeched or not. For no other reason in the world except that you and I have broken bread together, I'll see you safe."

As a result of that speech Mary ceased entirely to think of dying.

But the logmen did not come. All days were blank of ships, until they could count off more than three weeks of them by the calendar Adam notched on a barrel stave. During that last fortnight the castaways were more often together than separate and oftener talking than silent. Adam spoke of his voyage with Morgan, of the gold he had cannily salted away in Jamaica, the inn he planned to take in England, his mountain valley in Wales and his dear brother who had died so young. Mary, now no less loquacious, told him of the great ladies she had served, of her hopes, her parents, her girlhood.

And then, late one afternoon, Cigogne returned.

"We are lost," said Mary.

"Why—not yet!" Adam answered, frowning at the shape on the sea. "Only do what I tell you, Mary Grayling, and there's hope yet!"

"How can there be hope?"

"Within the hour it will be dark. They'll lie off and on tonight and not land till morning. We have time. But as you value your life you must do whatever I demand of you. If you do we'll live yet, please God. Come now with me."

He led her from that beach, the concave southern one, across the island to the farther shore, where the scarp of the island's one summit ran down to the sea and left, emerging from the sand, a scattering of rocks. Before one boulder larger than the rest Adam stopped and placed upon it a fragment of sailcloth he had brought from where it had lain by the store dump.

"This stone," said he, "is your shelter; little as it is, put your trust in it. Lie behind it to seaward and you'll not be seen from the shore. A close search is another matter; that we'll not wish upon ourselves. Now strip from yourself every thread and shred, and give me your rags! Gown and shift and shoe! You'll not rate modesty higher than another fifty years of sweet breathing. You may do what you can with this canvas. Quick-sharp, now!"

The hounds were too close for her to venture any great protest. While the coloured light of sunset streamed upon her she bared breast and flank and flung over the boulder to Adam the soiled brocade, the salted lace, the rumpled linen, the now heel-less shoes.

"Now," said he, "Lie you close. Lie secret there until I come back to you. It may be forty hours, or fourteen, or fifty. No matter how long, lie close and still as the dead. Never show the hair of an eyebrow to landward. I'll not be far away. Courage now! Courage and prayer!"

He went inshore in the failing light.

Of both courage and prayer Mary Grayling mustered what she could. And for eighteen hours, no less, of night and day, she lay there behind her scant shelter.

The last few hours she spent behind the rock passed blankly in a slumber of exhaustion.

Metal at her lip woke her. But not a pistol barrel—it was the pannikin full of water and Adam was holding it for her to drink. Desperate as her thirst was, she looked at his face for news before she touched it. She saw pride and exultation on his face.

"Gone," he said. "Laporte and the rest. Welshed and gone! They will never come back to Balistero."

Relief now destroyed Mary's spirit as peril had failed to do; she sobbed against the hot stone. Adam sipped the dregs in the pannikin and sat silently, smiling his fierce, proud grin at sea and sky. When she could speak again Mary said, "How, Adam? How could it be——"

"I'll show you the whole mystery," he said. "Come! You can stand without fear, now."

But she could barely stand at all, cramped and stiff as she was; in the end he carried her, canvas shawl and all. He had never before laid as much as a finger tip upon her. He carried her up that beach, through the palm grove at the waist of the island, and on to the other shore. There, by the barrels and casks of the provision store, he stopped. Cigogne was hull down, and would at any moment vanish from sight.

"And look around you," said Adam.

A few yards from where he stood, still carrying her, she saw her rags on the beach, the silk brocade, the lace, the shoes. She did not at first realize that the white sticks which

lay with them were bones. Then she saw the skull.

"Yes," said Adam. "Con Kennedy. I scrabbled him up last night with my bare hands from the very spot we buried him in seven years ago. By moonlight I dressed him in your tatters. Then I hid myself in his grave with a palm frond or two for cover, and watched. Four came ashore, one of them Arcignac. The thing was clear to them."

"They took the bones for mine?"

"Who else? Clearly you had died of pure melancholy or the blue fever or Caribs."

"They made no search?"

"What need, when you were plainly nothing but dry sticks of bone? As for me, they reckoned me sharks' meat a month ago. They weren't half an hour ashore. They were in no mood to linger at Balistero."

He placed her gently on the sand.

"Adam," she said, "You have saved me, soul, body, honour. I pray you may have your reward and find what you will treasure as much as I those—the gold of Santa Catalina that was buried here."

"It never was," he told her, smiling ruefully. "Oh, to be sure I said it was, but when I said so nothing but a sign from Heaven would have made you see me as aught but a pirate come to ravish you. So I had to give you a reason for setting my course here."

"But if there was no treasure, why did ou? Why did you set your course for Balistero?"

"One day," he said, "perhaps at Bristol, hen we get so far, I will tell you."

She gazed long and hard at him as he sat nched over his knees staring at the sand eneath his feet. The Cigogne dropped below he horizon.

"To be burdened half across the world," he said, "with a creature with whey blood nd cheese heart!"

"Oh that!——A rough tongue was the nly medicine for you."

There was a longer silence. Then Mary id, "You need not wait till Bristol, Adam."

He raised his head and looked at her. And her eyes was such a glow as had not shone ience upon any man before, nor would do ain upon any other.

They rushed together at last with wild ughter of delight, neither much caring hat happened to the square of sailcloth, nor ything daunted by the chalky bones of n Kennedy, bedecked with rags, lying so ose beside them.

Bristol was far by miles; farther yet by rials and discomforts, but yet it was to ome, as was that inn beside a Hertfordshire oad, and much else of happiness—which st, at least, lying on the hot sand of that iland beach, with palm shadows rippling ver them like other caresses, they did not doubt.

END

Madame, You Are Taped!

(*Continued from page* 12)

We owe much to the persistence and enterprise of the Association of Tall Women and the Short Women's Association (both founded some years ago) for a really determined movement to re-establish sizing systems on a basis of facts, not dreams. With admirable tenacity the Tall Women's Association kept banging away at their campaign to convince the makers that taller-than-average women are numerous enough (and clothes-conscious enough) to merit special attention, and special sizes. Large feet they declared deserve attractive shoes as much as little ones—and more so. Not content with clothes alone they pushed the campaign farther and can now claim some of the credit for longer blankets and beds for the women with the extra inches. Longer stockings and umbrellas were taken in their stride.

The short women took the cue from the longer ones and today we have more and more garments scaled down to miniature proportions. There is still some way to go before our needs are fully catered for but it is satisfying to know that we pocket-size women do at last *exist* in the manufacturers' consciousness.

END

. . . Yes, full of woe—bad patch of the month, I'm afraid.

Surely it can't make all that difference?

Can't it! You don't know how I dread it every time. Same dreary old routine and the awful feeling that everybody can tell . . .

But that doesn't make sense—not nowadays. Do you mean to say you've never heard of Tampax?

Oh yes, I've heard of it, but somehow I never got round to trying it. It's—well—rather different, isn't it?

Yes, and thank goodness for that! It was invented by a doctor, you know—that's why it's so safe and efficient. But don't run away with the idea that Tampax is difficult to use. Honestly I was amazed how easy it was.

And is it comfortable?

It's wonderful—you really don't know you're wearing it. That's the best thing about Tampax. You don't have to start working out dates and all the rest of it—you just know you'll be all right.

Even for dances, you mean?

Of course! *And* tennis, *and* cycling! Just you try Tampax and see what a difference it makes.

Tampax is the safest, most modern and hygienic form of sanitary protection . . . because it's *worn internally*. You're gloriously free from clumsy pins or belts, and free from chafing too. You can buy an average month's supply of Tampax at chemists and drapers. There are two absorbencies—Regular (2/-) and Super (2/4). Tampax is also available in the new handy "Threes" at 8d. for Regular and 9d. for Super. If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 5d. in loose stamps to The Nurse, Dept. D.23. Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex.

Andy AGAIN!
Housework leaves no traces of its grime on hands protected by Andy Household Gloves. Made of the toughest yet softest washable cotton, they will keep your hands dainty for years.
These are the gloves you have heard about
In 3 grades: Lightweight 1/11½, Blue cuff 2/9, Coloured Stripe 3/6 per pair. From all Ironmongers and Stores. Or direct, add 3d. per pair postage.
Tedson Thornley & Co, Rochdale
Andy
Regd.
HOUSEHOLD GLOVES

The Wise Cat (*Continued from page 27*)

much, she met Richard, that very weekend.

Richard was the son of one of her mother's friends, and he came in to mow the lawn that evening, for it was daisy time. Poets write of daisies in superlative terms, ignoring the fact that they appear and reappear in straggling, defiant silver scribbles across every piece of grass. At twenty-eight Richard liked a little gardening during the weekend; his city job was marked SAFE in capital letters, and although the promotion lists moved slowly as the mills of God, time was on his side. He had great charm. Liz found herself thinking about him quite a lot.

"He's a charming young man and so reliable," said Mother, cutting smoked salmon sandwiches for them to eat in the garden one hot Sunday night, three weeks later.

"Oh, I suppose he's all right," grunted Liz, afraid to disclose her real feelings. It would be fatal to fall in love at this stage of her career.

They ate sandwiches with stars prinking in the pallid evening sky, and a tree dripping double pink cherry whilst the scent of narcissus was everywhere.

It was not a garden at all, it was Heaven! They talked of life, in particular their lives! Richard wanted a tiny home of his own, a garden, a fat baby and a sitting-room with panelled walls, into which he could inset his collection of old inn signs. Liz's ideals were inspired by a rising curtain, the faint scent of stage dust twirling up with it.

"I must come and see you act," he said, "though I'd hate to think of you the other side of the footlights. I want you always to be on my side."

When Liz told her mother about her engagement—an hour later—she was on the crest of the wave.

"Darling, don't expect to run a career and a love story at one and the same time," begged Mother. "Sensible women give up their jobs to marry, for a husband asks everything."

"But with the cost of living today, and only Richard's pay, we'd be stuck! Be sensible, Mummy darling."

"I have my own reasons for worrying about you. You're highly strung, which asks too much and it would be tempting providence."

"Right," said Liz with triumph. "Then Providence is getting the greatest temptation since it had Eve and the apple! So what?"

It was a quiet wedding, and the evening papers publicised it so that Liz got a big cheer when she appeared. They spent the rest of the weekend at Old Bosham, in glorious weather, for summer time in Sussex has a glow. The salty sea-smell lingered about the quiet harbour; they sprawled on a beach that was littered with shells, each lovelier than the last, jetsam of a vagrant tide.

The honeymoon dream dies quickly, and more so for actresses. On Monday night the call-boy would be tapping on the dressing-room door that she shared with Alice James. They'd be in London again.

SHE and Richard had been fortunate enough to buy a little Georgian house, one of those tiny ones which, having fallen into complete disrepair, go cheaply.

It would have been nicer to have stayed with Richard who had a week's honeymoon leave, and intended putting it into the little garden. The theatre made Liz's heart palpitate again; its stimulation set her on edge, scared lest she'd flop, fluttery inside in that silly way of hers. It worried her that Richard could not pop into her dressing-room to wait when he called, but sharing with Alice James was tricky. One day Liz would have her own dressing-room, somewhere Richard could sit to drink gins and play with her white poodle.

Richard got the signs fixed up that week; he fetched her every night, and she detested the thought of his hanging about the rather grim entrance labelled STAGE DOOR, in a dirty little alleyway off the Strand, but what could she do?

That autumn she got her big job.

It flashed out of the blue and put her salary up right away. It meant that now she could afford the niche over the fireplace, and the garage at the end of the garden—for the moment a compost heap—and get one of those cute little cars all white leather and brilliant chromium.

"This is a real joy," she told Richard.

"I'd have liked it all a darned sight better if I'd been paying. I just plod along to the next rise in pay."

"You've got me! Don't you see, dearest, we're one? What's mine is yours, too. Be proud of me, my sweet."

"OF course I'm proud." She knew how he felt, for she had sense, but it was silly if he could not earn enough to feel sour because she could do better. She ordered the sitting-room niche immediately, and went to rehearsal knowing that two shaggy young men were hacking the chimney to bits, and that the char would probably give notice. When she got back at night the young men were working overtime, and there was a rude note from the char.

"It's a pity," said Richard gloomily. "She was a good one—as chars go—and now *she's* gone!"

"We can afford to pay more, which means we shall get a better one, you'll see," and the flame of doubt quivered in Liz's heart. She was apprehensive; Richard saw it.

He said: "Anyway, look at this. She's a stray black cat, that ought to bring us luck, and she likes being here." He picked the little creature up from the armchair where it had installed itself.

"We can't keep it, Richard?"

"Oh yes, we can. She's a wise cat. She knows where she is well off."

The new part was gruelling, asking all. The producer frayed Liz's nerves and, as they approached the first night, her appetite failed her. She snapped at Richard. She couldn't stop herself, and, of course, it would be better after the first night.

On that night everyone was pleased with her, save Richard, who was hunched in the dressing-room suffering from appalling toothache. Next morning the critics were carping. It was absurd to be unduly distressed, for everyone knows that critics have bad livers and delight in gloom. Liz was on edge. A first night and a husband with agonizing toothache are too much! she told herself.

That week she got Mac (old Dr. Mackenzie) to give her a nerve tonic. "Aren't you burning the candle at both ends?" he asked.

"It's part of my life, and I love my work. I'm doing fine, I have an adorable husband and a charming home."

"One of these days you'll have a breakdown as well."

"All right. I'll take it when it comes."

The nerve tonic was not a miracle-worker, but she pegged away with it. The play was settling in for a good run, and she and Richard were settling into married life, too. He looked wistful, of course, when she started for the theatre, but he would have to get used to it. They had their first real row in Christmas week, of all times. Richard got time to spend the leave in the country, realizing too late that it was impossible for Liz.

"Darling Ricky, you must appreciate. . . ."

"That blinking theatre has to come first in everything?"

"We live on it, you know." Another of those things that perhaps she shouldn't have said. "It's paid the mortgage on the house, the niche, the car, the garage. Don't be angry, we've got to give and take, that's plain."

"You're doing all the giving, and I have to take, because my salary is so petty. It's all wrong."

The row wasn't clearing the air, she knew, and beyond the window little boys bleated their carols sounding like juvenile lambs. Perhaps the sound of their voices gave Richard another idea. "We ought to be filling a stocking," he said coldly.

"And we aren't."

The little black cat watched her with wise eyes.

"No, damn it, we aren't, and what's more I doubt if we ever shall."

In many ways Ricky was wonderful, so that it made her self-reproachful. He brought up her breakfast in bed, always beautifully laid; he could cook an omelette with the genius of a Philip Harben. He rushed round diligently with a carpet sweeper, and delighted in it. All the same she wished that he had been a shabby out-of-work actor, someone who could see her side of it in perspective. Next day she bought him a really expensive cigarette case,

"I think you're being awfully silly about your marriage," said her mother one day, which was irritating for it meant that someone else had noticed it.

"I'm not, you know. We're divinely happy," she lied, and the flame within her quivered in rage. These people didn't understand! Even Dr. Mac, who should have known better, took the attitude that her career asked too much of her. Resentment made her fume. Sometimes she eyed the little black cat, with its calm jade eyes, with envy. They had called her Tibs. Tibs was domestically-minded; she desired no career, but was content with a comfortable home life. It would have been delightful to be like Tibs, but of course—impossible!

Justice In Crimson finished at Easter, but Liz went on to the new show *Black Orchids*. This time the critics flattered her; everyone praised her save Richard, who was papering the attic with a Regency striped paper. On the first night he had toothache again, coming into her dressing-room late and looking like death. As though she had not got sufficient to make her dither, without Richard looking like this!

"Darling, whatever is it?" she gasped.

"I had the darned thing out, and the gas mucked me up. I'll be all right."

Emma, the dresser, made him a cup of tea, but both knew that he wasn't all right, and during the weekend Liz nursed him with the care of a ward sister. They came closer together then, two people with no wall of reserve between them, the same two who had lain on the beach at Old Bosham and had loved the salty tang of the sea. She lay beside him on the bed with its quilt of satin and Cluny lace, and Tibs watched her with the infinite calm of one at peace with life.

Richard whispered: "I love you, darling. I'm just a hatefully jealous toad, wanting you here home with me all the time, and I'm ashamed of myself."

"One day I'll be here all the time, but it can't be yet." Liz didn't know when it would be, for "some day" sounded deliciously ambiguous.

Black Orchids flourished. It was a shame that the theatre had another booking, and no other place for this play could be found. Liz was lucky to get the lead in *Prim Rosalind*, a part she didn't really like, and that made her quaky with apprehension, but she had to do something. It does not pay a budding star to be out of a rôle, for the public soon forgets. Publicity means everything. Rehearsals were formidable; all that could seemed to go wrong, and she knew that the flame within her flickered so much that at times she was bewildered by it.

THERE was producer trouble, too. Nobody liked Tim Wallis, how could they? He kept changing his mind, altering his ideas, so that you never knew where you were. Liz had a thing about the part, and the thing grew so that she felt herself doing badly. When she got home the restlessness came with her, and she couldn't shut the door of Regency Cottage on it. Even Richard worried her as he did the chores.

Ten days before production, Tim Wallis came into Liz's dressing-room. He said, "I want a word with you, Liz. It's worrying, but I've got an idea you're not happy in this part?"

"I hate it," she admitted.

He looked kind, a bit perplexed, but always able to tackle a situation. "You're not yourself one bit, but there is still time to change.

Pollie Dawkins would like the rôle, and she's free. I wondered if you'd like to rest a bit?"

Liz stared at him. She realized that they must have planned this behind her back. Tim had never liked her, and after all she *had* got the medal from Pollie at R.A.D.A. Now Pollie would filch the part from her. Overcoming the first longing to scream, she was amazed to hear herself say quite calmly. "All right, if that's the way you want it," then she fainted.

She came to, lying in Richard's arms in a taxi. She couldn't talk, and seemed to have gone numb all over whilst the flutter inside her was a whirlwind. Richard carried her upstairs to bed, her heart making the most extraordinary noises, and she pulled his hand down to her mouth, and kissed it clumsily. "I'm ill, Ricky. I don't know what it is. I'm just so ill."

"The doc at the theatre said you'd strained the whole of your nervous system. I phoned old Mac, and he'll be round in ten minutes."

When Mac came, he gave her something to make her sleep for a very long time. Liz drowsed off, and she felt her body relax, and the flutter fading. When she woke again the room was lit by the evening of the next day and her mother was beside her with a tea tray.

"You mustn't talk yet; drink some tea, and stay quiet."

For the first time in ages there was no panic to get off to the theatre in time, no waiting for her cue, no urging on. Taken quietly, home could be kind. It lent an amiable backcloth to life.

"What happened, Mummy?" she asked at last, "what is this story about my wrecking my nervous system?"

"You hadn't the right sort of nervous system," said her mother, "I suppose I ought to have been more insistent, because I always knew."

"What did you always know?"

"Your father was the nervous kind, too, highly strung. He crashed. I wish you had been the home-bird type, like myself, because home can be a tremendous prop to a girl. Richard was the right man for you, I thought we might wheedle you into taking things more slowly. Richard and I are the sort of people who don't want so much, and in our own way we get a great deal more. It is you and your father who always have to reach for the stars, and darling, they are such a long way off."

"But if home isn't enough? If you want more? If you ache for more and can't get it, what else is there?" asked Liz, and she knew that two tears rolled down her face.

Richard came home early, and sat with her. She felt better, of course, she had at least gone quiet inside, and it was nice to lie here with Ricky sprawled beside her, his arm round her.

He said, "You'll have to take it easy for a bit; we could work a holiday at Old Bosham perhaps? It's nice there."

"It's Heaven there," she agreed.

"You've got to go somewhere where you can't rush it," he told her.

"I know, I know." The feeling of calm was unbelievable, she had never realized the tremendous value of peace of mind until now; she said, "but if I don't earn, what'll we do?"

"We'll manage. Some people do, why not us? We've paid off the mortgage anyway. You need a long rest—perhaps for ever."

"Don't say that, Ricky. If I give it up, what else is there? What future?"

He said nothing. After a long long time they looked at Tibs on the end of the bed, completely placid even when all this was happening. "She's getting portly," he said. "I suspect the ginger tom up the road."

Liz looked at the cat, a wise cat, a cat that understood life. For a moment she wondered if she had inherited some unexpected atom from her mother, after all. She dismissed it quickly.

"Look at the newspapers," Ricky was saying, and held them up for her to see. Her own face stared at her, against headlines, LEADING LADY COLLAPSES. LOVELY LIZ HART TO TAKE A LONG REST. "There's publicity for you in buckets full."

The cat was still looking at her unflickeringly. "I don't want publicity too much," she murmured.

"It's because you're tired, dearest. I love you so much, I'll get you better, I know that," and he held her to him. His conviction inspired her as she curled against his big man's shoulder, for the drug was still making her sleepy.

"I love you, too. I'm happy here like this with you. I wonder if. . . . There are so many things I didn't understand. Do I understand them now? I wonder if. . . ."

From the end of the bed two jade eyes stared at her. Then the wise cat yawned.

END

NEXT MONTH

● **Winter ahead.** Be ready before the cold sets in with the new heating apparatus you will need to give the maximum of service for your particular needs. A complete review of the latest heating devices.

● **Evening dresses** from tweed, light as thistledown, soft as the haze over the hills of Connemara, Couturier gowns of the ageless "bawneen" are being made from the material which is as traditional as the shamrock in the Green Isle. Mary Delane travels with her camera among the places and people who are finding a new prosperity in Ireland's oldest industry.

● **Lotte Reiniger** takes a pair of sharp-pointed scissors and cuts plain paper until it comes to life in the fairytale characters which people her imaginary realm. Read about this genius with scissors whose animated cartoons have impressed even Walt Disney.

● **Knit an** afternoon-into-evening blouse with the texture of soft French jersey in a pastel rayon crepe yarn.

in the SEPTEMBER issue
BRITANNIA and EVE

The Wise Cat

A Garden In The Window

(*Continued from page* 28)

usually enough for the average box, and there is a choice of small conifers and ferns for each end should the box catch prevailing winds. Regal pelargoniums, geraniums, fuchsias, pinks, antirrhinums, begonias, trailing lobelia, nasturtiums . . . all these do well in the sun, but remember they will need plenty of watering right through the summer, and will only continue to bloom while you snip off all spent flowers. It is best to take all the plants out of the pots and plant them straight into the box without disturbing the roots.

The indoor window box can do a great deal for your room, the Scandinavians found this out long ago, and often cover an entire wall with a trellis of climbing plants, besides having special alcoves built in with the house to display flowering plants and unusual cacti.

Beg, borrow or design yourself an indoor window box . . . it can be of ply-wood, cane or wrought iron, but it must have a zinc lining unless you want trouble with the drips. If you have the luck to find one of those old brass or cut steel fenders, and it will fit around the front and sides of your box, you will be the envy of your friends, as they look most decorative.

Cottagey flowers for country rooms . . . Begonias will look attractive, both the flowering ones and those with the decorative leaves, marigolds, petunias; the new double ones are superb, ivy-leaved geraniums, trailing lobelia and many ferns all consent to live indoors. Suit your flowers to your room, don't let them have a fight. The more formal rooms need flowers and plants with dignity. Here lilies, hydrangeas, large fuchsias and the maidenhair fern look well in summer. Autumn brings the dwarf michaelmas daisies, the golden "Jante Wells" chrysanthemum, and bright faced asters.

Winter need not see you desolate, for there are the most entrancing little Japanese miniature trees to be found for your box.

END

Don't Give Up Your Signature

(*Continued from page* 5)

what happened about the gardens in the end, but I heard that the coloured glass battle was fought most successfully. And it was right that it should have been. Was that so unimportant? Assuredly not. No people worth the salt they put on their plate but put all of themselves into the planning of their home, and if they prefer coloured glass to plain, why shouldn't they have it? And there are comparatively few people today who lack all sense of colour and proportion. You might tell me that my use of the word "signature" and coloured glass panes need not be linked together at all. And why not? Your signature and your individuality mean the same thing at bottom, and every detail about your home and its appointments comes within that scope.

Now here is another instance. Once, not so very long ago, at a big party in London, I saw a woman who wore stockings with clocks to them. I can't remember much else about them, but those stockings were rather a signpost—her ankles were good, and the stockings enhanced their shapeliness. Later, I asked for such hose at one of the big shops, and the young lady stared at me as though I had asked to be served with a tame baby hippo until an elder assistant hurried up (*Continued on page* 64)

and said that such stockings had been out of fashion for years.

"And nobody would be wearing them, Madam," she added very firmly.

I murmured that I had seen some such hose quite recently, and she gave me a bright smile not untinged by compassion.

Now, all such matters might appear to be leaf-thin and feather-light, but the entire woof of life is spun of brief breaths, and you could trouble a fairly large pool by tossing a pebble no bigger than a sixpenny piece.

You will remember those two lines from Kipling's "If":

"If you can walk with crowds and keep your virtue,
"And talk with kings, nor lose the common touch. . . ."

and by "virtue" here is meant your own signature. Keep it in such a way that it does not, as it were, engulf you and turn you into a whim-ridden crank. You should master it and not let it be the other way round. If you happen to like a book, a dress, a piece of music or anything at all, and then chance to hear that the book, or the dress, or the music, are disliked by some people you know, don't surrender your judgment too easily. Consider your own "signature." Look it squarely in the face. It will explain to you the real reason behind that particular preference of yours, and it will be the right reason once you realize that you like something because it can call out something from your depths, as it were. And don't be afraid to continue liking a thing even when somebody says that she found the book too boring for words, or if anybody tells you that the dress you bought last week does not suit you. You alone can say just why you like the book and why you prefer that particular dress to any other you might have bought.

All of it, big and small together, comes down to a truth which shares its ancientry with the hills of God: be true to yourself in small things and in big and don't add untrue twists to your genuine curve and coil.

END

Scissors And Taste

(*Continued from page* 31)

and buys it without regard to the design for which it will ultimately be used. She uses an indifferent pattern and fails to follow the instructions given to the letter. It is really as simple as that. It goes without saying that the first garments attempted must be of a style which is within the limitations of the beginner.

Choose an "Easy To Make" pattern for a start. These have been designed by experts and worked out with careful attention to the capacity of the inexperienced dressmaker.

Unless the fabric used is suitable for the type of garment you intend to make even the best pattern will disappoint. Suitable materials are suggested on the back of the pattern. Heed these.

Check the yardage given with your own measurements. A pattern for a dress, blouse or coat goes by bust measurement. For skirts by waist size. If the yardage given seems too generous be very careful before you scale it down. When you actually come to work on the dress you may discover reasons for this generous-seeming assessment that were not obvious at the start.

Choose the pattern before the material. I know it isn't always in human nature to do this. I, for one, find it hard to resist buying odd lengths of anything gorgeously coloured.

Study the charts and instructions on the pattern very attentively. The makers really have put them there to help and not to make it more difficult and by following their guidance you will get the thing right.

As for tools . . . a good sharp pair of cutting-out scissors is essential and you will need another smaller sharp pair for cutting buttonholes and trimming away surplus seams.

A dressmaking form is a very good investment.

As time goes on you will inevitably collect the tools you want. Buy the best, the quality of your workmanship will be improved by it.

END

Abigail And The Drummer

(*Continued from page* 15)

The Drummer was restless. Suddenly he threw up his head and let out an ear-splitting neigh that trailed off high and expectant, and it was answered at once by a thinner but just as eager sound.

The stud began to dance, a sidling, cobble clipping dance, bobbing his head quickly up and down on the tight rein and Mr. Fellows was waltzed across the yard, ending up in a far corner, fighting him and in danger of getting his leg crushed against a tub.

Jas turned to Abigail with a half shrug; he jerked his thumb roadwards.

"'E knows my Bess is around and that she's jist about ready fer one like 'im," he exclaimed simply.

His meaning was quite clear to Abigail. She had grown up with talk like that. Mares were "ready" and they saw The Drummer and then sometime later they had foals, beautiful foals, just like the stallion. It was quite simple and straightforward to her.

This time she smiled at him, all over her face and nodded violently in an attempt to convey all she felt and to apologise for the rudeness of her father and Joe, but she could not speak.

"Git," hurled Joe and Jas slipped by her with a ghost of a smile on his face, which had gone tallowy, and padded away.

She went messing round the stables that afternoon and all the time she was thinking about Jas. She had ridden up to the caravan to see him but he and the white mare were not there. She still sweated and writhed when she thought about her father's and Joe's rudeness. It was like a fever on her and all she could think of doing was to give him something to wipe out the insults. But none of her treasures was suitable or big enough. She could not imagine him reading her books or using her crop, but the crop was not good enough anyway.

At last she came to rest in front of Tilly the bay mare, leaning on the stable door and looking up into her rather bolting eyes with the running corners where flies kept coming in to land.

The mare's eyes rolled, bloodshot, and she neighed again and this time The Drummer answered. Tilly and the stallion were calling just as he and the white mare had called that morning, and as she listened Abigail saw again the expression on Jas's face as he looked at the Arab. *He had wanted him.*

She leaned over the stable door with her arms hanging loose from her shoulders and her knees bent like a half stuffed doll. She began to think and Tilly bent consolingly and nuzzled her hair. Presently she jerked alive with the red of excitement spotting her cheeks, she slapped the mare's chest and ran skiddingly off. She was going to give Jas a wonderful present.

* * *

SHE was a dark blur in the greyness of the night as she made her way across the stable yard; the stables looked like a length of solid black stone. A thin curve of moon was set in the sky and everywhere was quiet, the farmhouse, the groggy old cottage where the stable-men had their quarters, and the stables themselves. Everything in the whole world seemed asleep except herself.

The main stables faced the yard, but the stallion had a loose box some way behind them and even in the summer he was always in at night.

She began to whistle softly through her parted front teeth when she drew near the loose box, just as Joe did, but it was a thin imitation and through the door she could hear The Drummer beginning to blow and stamp with nerves. She stopped whistling and concentrated on getting the door open and when she managed it she slid inside like a shadow, the sound of her boots ending in the moist straw as the horse scent went rushing up her nose. She forgot to call out as she shut the door after her; her father would have murdered her for that, shutting herself up in the dark with a stallion, even the Arab.

The Drummer's suspicions were now sobbing out of him in great breaths; she could tell that he was close and imagined she felt the heat of him and she grew scared and wrenched out her torch.

The little line of light showed the stud close but half turned away with his ears flat with fear and wickedness. He was almost using his heels.

"Drum, Drum." She rushed up his side, the torch waving wildly. "Don't be silly," she mumbled and with sweaty fingers she searched in her pocket for sugar lumps. She held some out to him, but he pushed her hand and sent them flying into the straw and she trod on the halter and almost fell. He shuffled away, but his little ears were rising and the evil going out of his face. He put his side to her and shoved with a bit of humour, and stared down at her, his eyes glistening like black water in the outer glow of the torch, which had slipped out of her hand and joined the sugar lumps in the dungy straw. Its beam was focused on his hoofs and they looked like iron.

"Drum!" She slapped him away, getting used to him. She had to get some sense into him and slip the halter on. She dived down for a sugar lump and held it on her small arched palm under his mouth, but with still more humour he knocked her hand away and then bit his leg. Abigail managed to scramble the halter on him then. She dragged him round and got him outside.

The mist was thin cotton wool in the moonlight; it was icy fingered and in it the dark shapes of trees floated, trunkless, like large balloons. The lively green hedges of the lane were dark walls.

Behind her the stallion's hoofs were thudding briskly and there came over Abigail the strange sensation that she was leading an engine for the power of him seemed to go before him like heat. He was a great dim shape, but as hot and red as fire inside she knew and she had to get him abreast of her where she could see him. The rope was a little slack between them as they headed downhill for Jas's camp.

She began to hurry more and now the stud needed no urging; he was tossing his head, suddenly alive; he was impatient of the halter and throwing out his front legs in a peculiar springy trot.

"Steady," she shouted, hauling on the rope, but her voice was thready in the night and then lost in a terrific blast from the animal. Again and again he blared, standing like stone after every sound with his head eagerly pointed downhill. And then came an answer from the white mare.

The night was full of life; it was in the mist. There was frightening power everywhere that she could not control and she began to whine to him, trying to make him notice her by running her small hands down his shoulder and chest, even his steel muscled foreleg. But the stallion put all his feet together and then reared, pulling her up on the rope she had shortened and she screamed at him in futile anger and fear. He thumped down and rose again lifting his head high in fettered fury and Abigail, dangling against him, got the smell of him and his hot breath all mixed up in a perfume of terror.

She began to cry and her hands were sliding down the rope; she was falling over backwards and then a hand jerked her clear and there were soft words flowing over her head to the stallion.

"Jas," she sobbed.

"Ah, th' bonny red 'un," said Jas breathlessly.

"He's for your mare so that you can have a foal just like him." And the boy whistled low and long.

"My bonny," he said at last and The Drummer neighed impatiently.

The next morning she leaned dreamily on the fence watching the stallion. She had so much to think about, how she had sat in Jas's caravan while he had handled the Arab and then how they had both sneaked back to the farm with him. And Jas had promised to get word to her about the foal, no matter where he was. She smiled serenely at her father as he rode by, trying Tilly out.

END

Books (*Continued from page 37*)

comparing it with the foot-binding custom, the old Empress said: "Of the two tortures, it is easier to bear the Chinese one."

The Premiership is one prize for the over-forties. Lloyd George achieved it at fifty-three, Balfour at fifty-four, Salisbury at fifty-five, Asquith and Baldwin at fifty-six, Eden at fifty-seven, Alan Campbell-Johnson reminds us in **"Sir Anthony Eden"** (Hale, 18s.), a 1938 biography completely revised and brought up to date. Of necessity it is mainly political; there is less about his eccentric father's dispute with Whistler over a commissioned portrait than in James Laver's *Whistler*, and Sir Anthony's boyhood and youth get only three pages. We have the politician in painstaking detail; little of the man whose cultured charm permeates his radio talks.

Like the figures on Keats's Grecian urn, puppets are ageless—which probably accounts for much of their appeal. No over-forty tag to them! In **"The History Of The English Puppet Theatre"** (Harrap, 25s.) George Speaight points out that it has not always been a children's theatre, but always the people's. This scholarly survey from ancient Greek origins to twentieth-century revival is admirable.

John P. Marquand's **"Thirty Years"** (Hale, 12s. 6d.) is a collection of his best short stories and essays bridging that period.

I have encountered few novels of the Turf since the Nat Gould vogue ended. Caroline Ramsden, whom I once met at Marguerite Steen's charming Blewbury house—they collaborated on *Racing Without Tears*—reopens the running with a tale racing folk will want to back: **"Natty Tiler"** (Museum Press, 9s. 6d.). Natty is a schoolless Camden Town lad of forty years ago who starts as stable-boy in a railway goods yard, stows away in a horse-box for Newmarket, becomes a famous jockey and, after marriage and the loss of his son, finds consolation with racehorse owner Lady Serena Sulham, whose set regard him as "that little cad," "that crook." The story is told partly by Natty in his racy slang, partly by her, and from it emerges a love-conflict of lowborn and high lady with a mission to civilize him *via* classical concerts, *Hamlet*, and Homer's *Odyssey*! Turf folk will smile secretly, knowing that such things *do* happen in life as well as in ingenious fiction. . . .

Sheila Mackay Russell made a hit with her book about a nurse's life, *A Lamp Is Heavy*. Her first novel, **"The Living Earth"** (Longmans, 12s. 6d.), is about a nurse serving a Canadian backwoods community, her schoolmistress friend, and their emotional tangles in which the local doctor, his wife and others are involved. No assumption is farther from the truth than that dedication to medical work tends to lift one above common human needs and frailties. This story, which portrays vividly the rural background, shows that it may even intensify those needs, making one the more susceptible.

Margaret Kennedy has launched a neat back-hander at abstract art. Lightning contorts the iron garden chair of a hard-up sculptor's child into a Shape. **"The Oracles"** (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.) are the intellectuals of his seaside town who hail it as a work of genius which the town should proudly buy! In the end the lives of quite a lot of people are in a bit of a Shape, too, including a young married couple who decide to move to London. There's nothing abstract about the sculptor's unruly brood by a slut of a mistress, thanks to Miss Kennedy's skill.

Dymphna Cusack's title for coloured folk at odds with London is a good one: **"The Sun In Exile"** (Constable, 12s. 6d.). Their problems are focused through an Australian girl who comes to study art.

What twenty-four hours of quarrel and reconciliation can do to a girl married to a painter, a young composer who lives with them, and their intellectual friends is the theme of a London novel, Lorna Pegram's **"A Day Among Many"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). The style is flash-bright, word-lit, as Elizabeth Myers's *A Well Full Of Leaves* was.

Spy intrigue, murder, and a million-dollar jewel-snatch plot in and around the Swiss town of Berne give to Helen MacInnes's **"Pray For A Brave Heart"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) the taut suspense we found in *Assignment In Brittany*.

Jean Plaidy's **"Gay Lord Robert"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.)—about Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Elizabeth I—will please those who look to her for an always satisfying historical novel.

Homenote: Kay Smallshaw's **"Your Home And You"** (Nevill, 21s.) is not just another "Homemaker's Encyclopaedia." It covers expertly so many activities—civic, legal and social as well as domestic—that it merits special praise.

Recommended Fiction: **"The Sensitive Plant,"** by Joan Morgan (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.); **"Scales Of Justice,"** by Ngaio Marsh (Collins Crime Club, 10s. 6d.); **"Conquesta's Caravan,"** by D. A. Ponsonby (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"The Darling Illusion,"** by Margerie Scott (Peter Davies, 12s. 6d.); **"A Stormy Spring,"** by Alice Acland (Constable, 12s. 6d.); **"The Phoenix,"** by Lawrence Bachmann (Collins, 12s. 6d.).

Recommended Non-Fiction: **"In The Steps Of Charles Dickens,"** by William Addison (Rich and Cowan, 15s.); **"Buckskin And Blackboard,"** by Phyllis M. Taylor (Darwen Finlayson, 9s. 6d.); **"East, West,"** an Irish Doctor's Memories, by Charles Stewart Parnell Hamilton (Christopher Johnson, 15s.); **"Doctor At War,"** by Ion Ferguson (Christopher Johnson, 15s.); **"Fools Of Choice,"** by Peter de Polnay (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.); **"The Mating Instinct,"** by Lorus J. and Margery J. Milne (Robert Hale, 15s.); **"Camera And Chianti,"** by Francis Sandwith (Nicholas Kaye, 21s.).

END

By Appointment to the late Queen Mary

Let it rain . . . let the winds blow . . . a light spray of Lacquersheen—the Invisible Hair Net—will hold your hair in place all the day long—come what may. And—thanks to the new wonder-conditioner, Steinerlan, there's no hard, varnished look with Lacquersheen . . . that's the beauty of it. Whatever your hair style Lacquersheen puts it in place—keeps it there and leaves it looking completely natural. Just comb, spray and forget your hair. Ask for Lacquersheen in the squeeze-e-spray bottle **7/9**, and in the New Press Button economy size **11/9**. From top chemists, stores and hairdressers everywhere.

Steiner

HAIR AND BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

LONDON PARIS

Two-piece Beach Outfit (*Continued from page* 38)

Take up the next 60 sts. and dec. 1 st. at each end every ½ in. 10 times.

At 14½ ins. inc. 1 st. at each end every ½ in. 6 times.

At 18¾ ins. leave sts. on spare needle. Take up the last 50 sts. and work this side exactly as the opposite side in reverse.

At 18¾ ins. take all sts. on to one needle and when work measures 22 ins. cast off.

THE BORDERS

Cast on 3 sts. Work in st.st. At left edge (right side facing) inc. 1 st. every 2 rows 7 times and *at the same time* at the opposite edge cast on 2 sts. every 2 rows 7 times.

When there are 24 sts. on needle continue to inc. 1 st. every 2 rows at left edge but dec. 1 st. at right edge in order to keep 24 sts. on needle.

When work measures 35 ins. continue to dec. at right edge and at the same time at left edge cast off 2 sts. every 2 rows till all sts. are accounted for. Make a second band 39 ins. long.

TO MAKE UP

Pin all pieces out to shape and press, taking care not to stretch the borders. Seam up darts of back and front. Sew up side seams. Pin shorter border to top, right side to right side, and 1 in. down from cast off edge of garment. Back stitch together. Fold over and slip stitch other edge to cast off edge of garment. Attach other border to bottom of garment in the same way. Turn in the edges of both fronts and face with ribbon, leaving an opening at top of left side to insert the whalebone. Sew a length of ribbon from top to bottom of garment on wrong side and covering right dart, leaving top end open to insert other whalebone. Cut 9 buttonholes at right front edge, the first and last in the centre of edging bands and the others at intervals of 2½ ins. Buttonhole round these buttonholes. Press the seams, insert the whalebone, and sew up top openings. Sew the buttons on the far side of whalebone to keep it in place.

THE JACKET

MATERIALS required are 9 (50 gr.) balls of Penguin Alpin 4-ply wool in scarlet (although 15 balls only will be required if both playsuit and jacket are being made); 1 pair No. 12 needles; 20 scarlet buttons; 3 yards blue and white spotted towelling 36 ins. wide; 3½ yards inch-wide scarlet grosgrain ribbon. Size: 36-in. bust. Tension: 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 inch.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 68 sts. and work in st.st. When work measures 5½ ins. inc. 1 st. at outside edge every 1½ ins. 7 times.

When work measures 15¼ ins. cast on at outside edge 5 sts. twice and leave on spare needle for time being.

Begin the right sleeve. Cast on 3.

At left edge (right side facing) inc. 1 st. on the 1st, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 9th, etc. rows, i.e., inc. 3 sts. every 5 rows. Make 15 of these incs. i.e., 15 incs. in 25 rows. *At the same time,* at right edge, cast on 2 sts. 9 times, 5 sts. twice, and 7 sts. twice. A triangle is thus obtained.

Now take these sts. on to the main needle and place them to the left of the sts. on that needle. Work along all sts.

At left edge (right side facing) make single incs. as previously and increase 14 sts. in 23 rows.

Now at the same edge cast off 2 sts. 32 times, 4 sts. 3 times, 5 sts. 9 times, 6 sts. 3 times, 5 sts. twice, 3 sts. twice. At the same time, when making the last 4 castings off cast off also at centre edge 1 st. 4 times.

THE LEFT FRONT

Is as the right front in reverse.

THE RIGHT BACK

Cast on 75 sts. and work in st.st.

At 4 ins. inc. at right edge (right side facing) 1 st. every inch 9 times.

At 15¼ ins. cast on at right edge 4 sts. twice and leave on spare needle.

Begin the right sleeve. Cast on 3 sts.

At right edge (right side facing) make the same incs. as for front, i.e., 15 incs. in 25 rows. At the same time at opposite edge cast on 2 sts. 9 times, 5 sts. twice and 7 sts. twice. A triangle is thus obtained, the sts. of which are placed to the right of those on the main needle, and the whole worked together.

At right edge make single incs. and increase 14 sts. in 23 rows, then at the same edge cast off 2 sts. 32 times, 4 sts. 4 times, 5 sts. 12 times, 3 sts. twice.

Cast off remaining sts.

THE LEFT BACK

Is as the right back in reverse.

TO MAKE UP

Pin all 4 pieces out to shape, and press. Then use each piece as a pattern to cut out the towelling lining as follows: Place each front on top of lining and cut round lining, allowing an inch for seams and bottom of coat, 6 ins. overlap for the cuffs and 7½ ins. at bottom of centre edge, tapering off to 4½ ins. at top centre. In the same manner cut out towelling linings for both backs, allowing an inch for seams and bottom, 6 ins. overlap for cuffs and 4 ins. at back of neck. Now back stitch all seams, including the one up centre of back. Turn in a 3-stitch hem round each front and bottoms of sleeves, face round fronts, back of neck, bottoms of sleeves and hem of jacket with ribbon. Cut 6 buttonholes up centre edge of each front inside the 3-stitch hem and through the ribbon backing. Place the buttonholes as follows: the first 2¾ ins. from bottom and the others at intervals of 4½ ins. Cut 4 perpendicular buttonholes at bottom of each sleeve 3¼ ins. apart. Buttonhole stitch all round these buttonholes. Seam up towelling lining and insert into jacket. Turn a hem at bottom to the same length as jacket. Make deep cuffs to overlap sleeves by 2 ins. and sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Turn back centre fronts to form a 2¾-in. border at bottom, 1¼ ins. at top and back of neck. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

END

Ruins Of Romance (*Continued from page* 33)

young brother, and Robert III, terrified lest the same fate should befall his heir, dispatched the boy in 1406 to the French Court for safety. But England was at war with Scotland and off Flamborough Head an English man-o'-war took the Scottish ship with the little prince on board.

The news killed Robert III and the little King of Scotland was kept a prisoner in England for the next eighteen years.

James went first to the Tower, and it is to our credit that he received there from his captors a better education than he would have got in Scotland. As he grew his conditions were relaxed and later he divided his time between Windsor and Pevensey where conditions permitted him to move around with freedom. So much so that he wrote a poetic tribute to London, where there is reason to think the young poet king of the graceful build and dark Italian looks was not looked upon with disfavour by the ladies. He did, in fact, marry Lord Somerset's daughter at Lambeth Palace just before his ransom (negotiated in 1424) permitted him—not altogether eagerly—to mount his Scottish throne.

Sometime, however, towards the middle of the twelfth century, a mad storm, they say, suddenly struck the Sussex coast. For days one could hardly see for breaking surf and flying spray.

One night, however, the storm blew away as suddenly as it had come; when next morning the sentinels looked out to sea, they saw that a great shoal had been spewed up from the depths. That sandbank, now infested with bungalows and Martello towers, was to become the future coastline. Between it and the castle the sea dwindled into marshes; Pevensey was no longer one of England's bastions.

It could still know excitement, however, and still be a great inconvenience to an enemy. When John of Gaunt's son, the future Henry IV, rose against Richard II in 1399, the castle, under Lady Joan Pelham, declared for the rebels, and was forced to withstand a vicious siege. The Exchequer had not lately bothered to spare funds for the upkeep of the fortress, which now lay like some stranded whale nearly a mile from the sea. Yet somehow Lady Joan succeeded in hanging on to her tumbledown defences till help came. . . .

By Elizabeth's day they had begun to reclaim the marshes into pastures from which nowadays comes some of the finest lamb I have ever eaten in England. Thereafter the great ruinous place was left uninhabited, the haunt of rooks and ravens. . . . No longer an Honour of the Crown, it passed eventually, to the Dukes of Devonshire.

Thirty years ago or so it was presented to the Office (now Ministry) of Works, who have accomplished an admirable labour of restoration, tidying and excavation. Yet even in the recent war it served as a fortress once more, and as a radar observation post.

But whenever I visit it and watch the clouds chasing sunlight across the rose and silver masonry, I feel that I have surprised some alas! invisible scene of immense activity. Is a shadowy John of Gaunt stalking across the moat? Behind that window is the first Stuart king meditating his poem in praise of London's pleasures, and rather glumly contemplating his restoration to a misty northern throne?

Hand in hand the trippers troop into the bailey, gaze at the huge stone Roman ballister-balls, then hurry in search of dungeons. Wallflowers toss like yellow waves in the Roman ramparts, and on the top of them, two figures black against the sunset might be Roman sentries. They happen only to be my sons, but at that height, who can tell. . . ?

END

On The Beach

(*Continued from page* 47)

TO make the raffia hat on page 47 you will need: 1 bundle of raffia in natural colour; 1 bundle of red or any contrasting colour; 1 piece of soft cardboard; a small piece of silk for lining the crown; 1 crewel needle; Sellotape.

The shape is cut from a piece of straight soft cardboard. The base should correspond to the circumference of the head and the depth of the cardboard should be 4¼ in. Join the ends with Sellotape.

The natural raffia is then wound over the cardboard from top to bottom until it is completely covered. Plait the raffia for the edges and sew it on neatly.

To make the crown: First make a small raffia ring—use about four strands of raffia, then wind another strand of raffia over these until you have a firm ring. Anchor this to the top of the cylinder with four crosswise raffia threads used double. Fill in the remainder using a crewel needle suitable for raffia work.

Make the tassel with red raffia by folding the skein in half, lengthwise. Bind it round tightly with a double strand of raffia 1½ in. from the folded end and again 1½ in. further down the skein. Push the end of the tassel through the hole and attach lightly with stitches to the raffia ring.

Finish by lining the crown with red silk. To make this cut a circle slightly larger than the crown of the hat, turn in the edges neatly and stitch lightly to the raffia strands.

END

to announce

BRITANNIA and EVE'S

VOGUE

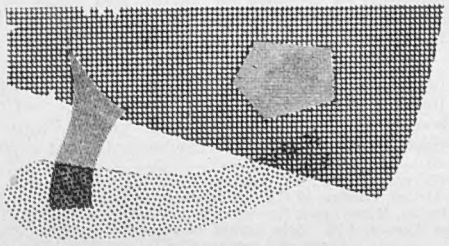
pattern service

To the dressmaker a good pattern is synonymous with a successful dress. Knowing this, readers will welcome the inauguration in the September issue of a regular BRITANNIA AND EVE "Vogue" pattern service. Paper patterns of such repute need no commendation other than to say that the International resources of the designers responsible for them are a guarantee

One of the patterns featured in next month's issue

of their fashion integrity. At the same time their long experience of the needs and the capacity of home dressmakers is a further assurance that these patterns really work.
From month to month, we shall be offering the whole range of patterns from "Easy-to-Make" to "Paris Originals," so make sure of your next month's copy now.

in the SEPTEMBER issue



A Spin For Your Money

(*Continued from page* 9)

One, the passport.

Two, the filing system. "Have you been here before, madame?"

Three, the entrance card, the cash desk, and 130 francs to be paid in tax.

You pass, and the world of doubtful fortune is yours.

There is no geographical formula about a casino, and whereas at one place you find a central gambling hall, and one or two rooms for the big gaming, at another you have a series of equal and connecting rooms.

Neither is there a particular style of décor; between the impressive and rather oppressive grandeur of Monte Carlo, and the lighter, brighter, and altogether chic background of Deauville, anything is possible.

A Gambling Climate, on the other hand, is universal. Discreet, controlled, and relatively silent, it is also tense. There is a bar, but gaming is a sober business, and the table is approached with a respect that is proportional to the game and the stakes.

Baccarat Banque, for instance, is the aristocrat of its kind, and comparatively rare nowadays. Played with cards, it is the game where fortunes can be made and lost at one sitting; it is also the only game in which the casino does not participate. The players hold their own bank and play against each other.

The majority of tables are used for either *Chemin de Fer*, which is a casino controlled version of *Baccarat Banque, Trente et Quarante*, another card game, or *Roulette*.

The sum total is rather confusing, but move around, allow yourself to become acclimatized. Study the big tables and the small tables; watch the *habitué* as he takes a *jeton* from his little tin, consults a page of private hieroglyphics (there are as many foolproof systems as there are players), and places his bet.

Watch the people in general—the distinguished and the dubious; the rich, the poor and the in-between—and the croupier in particular.

Here is a remarkable man, whose job has probably been in the family for several generations. Impassive and completely detached, he nevertheless "takes in" the table at a glance.

He is also, you discover, an approachable person, and this finally decides you. The question is no longer: "Can I afford to?" but, "Can I afford *not* to?"

You give yourself a financial limit—ten shillings, perhaps, or a pound—and exchange your money at the cash desk for *jetons* of a hundred francs. This will be the smallest denomination; larger sums are dealt with in *plaques*.

You then choose a table at which the stakes are low (the person at the desk will advise you) and take up your stand by the croupier, who will, if you ask him, place your bet.

The ways of betting are too numerous to mention, but *pair et impair* (the odd numbers and the even), at two to one, is a reasonably "sure thing," and *en carré*, at eight to one makes a comfortable gamble. . . . Here again, the croupier will help you.

Now the *jeton* is placed, the table set.

"*Faites vos jeux, Messieurs, Dames,*" he repeats.

And you're off.

Round she spins. The ivory ball goes rolling and rattling against the wheel.

"*Les jeux sont faits, rien ne va plus,*" he says.

Still it bounces and bobbles capriciously round. . . .

The croupier is ready, waiting to rake in and deal out. But to whom? Nothing is certain.

If you win. . . .

Castles, modest little places, start popping up. And if you don't. . . . You discover, happily, that it doesn't really matter. In one way, you can't lose!

END

Debs In The Making

(*Continued on page* 11)

If no married friends or relations are qualified or available to present her (a married woman can present a girl only once every three years) some other means of entry must be found. In some cases a rich father is prepared to pay for a sponsor. Hence the occasional discreet entry in the personal columns of *The Times* "peeress would be prepared to . . ."

Merely coming-out does not however ensure that the girl will be admitted into that hallowed circle of Debdom which is limited to perhaps a mere 150 out of 1,200 or so who make their curtsy to the Queen. Here, influence and background counts more than money and even a title does not guarantee entry.

For the débutante herself, during March and April, the cocktail parties start in earnest and the opportunity to meet as many escorts as possible has begun. All the dances have been fixed by now but how to find the right partners? Here is where the views of mother and daughter so often clash. It must be recorded that Mother generally wins!

The Season traditionally opens with the presentation party at Buckingham Palace. It is the highlight of the débutante's first season and the great ordeal for the young girl who has to take thirty tremulous steps across the floor of the gold and silver ballroom to make her curtsy to the Queen. She has been rehearsed for this for months, her presentation dress has been discussed and fitted, and fitted and discussed, and now the moment is here—the few seconds when she will sink gracefully before Her Majesty.

The next big event of the Season is the traditional Queen Charlotte's Ball in aid of charity, when the débutantes make another curtsy—this time in unison and before a huge cake.

The fourth of June, Ascot, Henley, Cowes come and go and young society is still stepping it out—at the most exclusive parties, wherever Royalty appears, wherever it is indispensable to be seen.

The pattern is repeated year after year, generation after generation, and when August arrives it is all over.

For those with enough stamina another "little season" follows in Dublin for the Horse Show, and is continued later in Scotland where the Highland balls are a great attraction. For some there is the South of France, the Venetian Lido, Deauville, and for others there is always home.

END

The Holiday That Pays For Itself

(*Continued from page* 48)

to Europe but this year looks like being a record one with well over two thousand crossing the Channel.

At the moment there are 150 types on the market with prices ranging from £175 to £1,075. But if you think of buying one choose a dealer on the National Caravan Council's approved list of manufacturers. It is most important that a caravan carries the Council's badge as it is a guarantee for reliability and an insurance against a knocked-up backyard job. Incidentally there is an excellent little book called *The Buyers Guide to Holiday Caravans*, which is well worth buying if you feel the caravanning urge upon you.

There really are very few "no's" attached to caravanning. It's mostly common sense. If you have one of the smallest cars don't, of course, expect it to pull a really big caravan. But in any case the biggest caravans (18 to 22 ft. long and even bigger) are really designed for living in for longish periods or permanently, with just that added advantage of mobility should you need it. They can be towed from place to place but they are not intended for touring.

For that you want a caravan that is large enough to sleep (*Continued on page* 68)

yourself—and family — in comfort under "holiday" conditions, and is not too cumbersome for the winding English road. There is a wide choice in this field.

Most of the reasonably priced, reasonably sized models give enough room for cooking and eating during the day and, by the use of folding bunks and dividing partitions, comfortable sleeping accommodation for four to five by night.

Foam rubber mattresses, adequate lighting, ingenious sink units and cupboard storage are standard in most medium-sized caravans. In fact, even if your car is small and your family large (within reason) you can enjoy a luxury holiday this way. It is possible, incidentally, to hire a caravan instead of buying—but the demand is heavy in summer.

On the road, site fees vary from 2s. 6d. to 4s. but the experienced traveller usually makes his own way and has much more fun. It often pays to find an attractive site near water, and then to approach the farmer owner for permission to camp.

END

Who's Being Funny?

(*Continued from page 43*)

sardine tin and no opener, a comic "natural." Yet two experienced, successful scriptwriters like Talbot Rothwell and Sid Colin came completely unstuck when they did *Dear Dotty*. They were unable to define their central character (the funny woman) and tried to cover up this unsatisfying vagueness with forced comedy situations. They would never have made this mistake writing for an Augustus instead of an Avril.

Another comedienne who has been consistently overlooked for leading parts in anything but intimate revues is Joan Heal, a woman who combines an exquisite sense of comedy with excellent legs and an unpretty but attractively unforgettable face.

In spite of men's general inability to deal with the professional funny woman a number of them do exist.

Hermione Gingold is one but she is not really a woman, is she? She has called herself a witch and perhaps she knows best. I would not be at all surprised to learn that her heavenly, inhuman sense of fun exists because she is actually a Martian, a Saturnite or a Lunatic. At any moment she may fly off into space to wallow in a lunar crater or New York.

Beryl Reid is another comedienne who stands in a class by herself. She is one of the very few woman comics who achieves her success by complete self-effacement. The audience never laughs at Beryl Reid; it laughs at Monica, the ghastly child, or Marlene, the Teddy boys' dream girl, for these characters have a reality completely independent of their creator's personality.

Then there is Beatrice Lillie. Quite human, quite feminine but as one producer (male) said, "If the public want that brand of humour they prefer to find it in a fellow like Danny Kaye." Remember it was the producer and not the public talking.

Now it may be unfortunate for a few comediennes that men have this attitude but generally speaking it is not a bad thing. Women do not necessarily want equal rights, and if they are not given comic series well . . . men can't wear mink coats.

Now let us consider for a minute what comediennes amuse women. Beyond any doubt women enjoy seeing on the stage or screen that which they encounter in their daily lives. The little things which strike them as funny when they actually happen are that much funnier when portrayed by Joyce Grenfell or Elsie and Doris Waters. Women do not like slick wit for they laugh with their hearts and not with their heads. They do not laugh at humour that is cold, hard or nasty. Gracie Fields and Ethel Revnell can go on forever because of their warmth and homeliness. Eventually I think Joan Turner may join their ranks.

END

The Roof Over Your Head

(*Continued from page 17*)

merely warped—as oak will—without losing strength. But with a modern softwood framed roof, a wavy surface may denote weak or split rafters. Nailing stout pieces of timber under and on each side of the rafter, extending well beyond the ends of the split and using plenty of stout nails, will usually prevent further sagging.

Rafters may also be weakened by woodboring beetles. Furniture beetles make pin-sized holes and take a long time to do much damage; but the house longhorn beetle, fortunately rare, bores quarter-inch holes. The death-watch beetle confines his activities to oak. Wood dust beneath the holes is a sign of beetle activity. The cure is to hack off any badly powdered wood and coat the timber with an anti-woodworm solution.

The early spring is the best time to do this because the beetles come out then to lay their eggs. Repeat the treatment next spring and, to make sure, the spring after that. If the rafter is much weakened, nail on strengthening pieces, also coated with the solution.

Every house roof ought to have waterproof felt stretched over the rafters under the tiles or slates. This is to prevent a fine spray of rain or drifting snow blowing in. It also helps to make the attic warmer.

There are two ways of improving a roof which has neither boards nor felt without having the tiles taken off. The first is to fix strips of roofing felt between the rafters from inside, tight up against the tiles and held in place by battens nailed along the sides of the rafters. The felt strips should extend beyond the wall at the eaves because water will trickle down them.

The other way is "torching." This is rough plastering of the joints between the slates or tiles on the underside. A weak lime mortar *must* be used; Portland cement mortar is much too strong; it grips the tiles and causes them to break under the action of frost.

Thatch makes a warm house, far warmer than does a slated or tiled roof, even if boarded and felted. But today a house with a tiled roof can be given simply and inexpensively a high insulation value equal to thatch by laying over the ceiling joists in the attic a glass fibre quilt (Fibre glass) which is a good insulator, will not burn, and is light in weight.

By keeping in the warmth, roof insulation soon pays for itself in fuel saving—important in these days of ever higher fuel prices. The cost for an ordinary small house should be about £10 if you lay the insulation material yourself.

Cedar wood shingles are a fairly recent innovation in this country. They are light in weight and have good appearance.

For the roofs of garages, summer houses and garden sheds, buildable by the amateur, there is a wide choice of materials. Corrugated asbestos-cement is economical in framing and requires no maintenance, but is rather "factory-looking." Large tiles of the same material are easier to handle and look better, especially in dark red colour. Shingles make a pleasing roof for summer houses.

Returning to the house itself, two additional things should be looked to when the builder makes his three-yearly visit. Get him to clean out, repair and repaint the eaves, gutters and rainwater pipes; it is not much use shedding rain from a sound roof only to have it soak into the house walls. Also, let him examine the tops of chimneys where cementing may have cracked. Many a sound roof has been blamed for damp patches on ceilings when chimneys are offenders.

END

Fridge Food

(*Continued from page 41*)

SULZ (or Jellied Veal Loaf)

2 lb. knuckle of veal	*1 small carrot*
2 hardboiled eggs	*1 piece of celery root (if available)*
2 quarts water	*1 clove garlic*
Seasoning	*1 small onion*

Place meat, vegetables and seasonings in pan, cover with water and simmer slowly till the meat falls from the bones. Strain the liquid and remove the bones. Chop the meat and vegetables fine. Garnish a mould with the sliced egg, add the chopped meat and vegetables. Reduce the liquid by boiling to half its quantity and pour over the meat. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and set aside to cool. Place in the refrigerator when cold until jellified. Serve sliced with green salad.

A good light evening meal, or a summer luncheon, can be based on this recipe for

VEGETABLE SALAD MOULD—

6 oz. cream cheese	*1 cup chopped gherkins*
1 cup mayonnaise	*½ cup chopped green pepper*
A little mixed mustard	*½ cup chopped spring onions*
1 cup whipped cream	*½ cup chopped black olives*

Mix the mustard with the mayonnaise. Mash the cheese, and mix in the mayonnaise, whipped cream, chopped olives, gherkins and vegetables. Grease the refrigerator tray and pack the mixture into it. Freeze for two hours. Turn out on a bed of crisp lettuce and garnish with sprigs of parsley and cucumber rings. This quantity makes six helpings.

Time To Stare

(*Continued from page 55*)

some cuttings from the geraniums and Regal Pelargoniums before the holidays. This is by far the best time. If you are doing the same choose a side shoot that has not flowered, about four inches long (you can put four or five in a six-inch pot) keep them damp and shaded and in six weeks they will have rooted. Stand them on a window sill in the kitchen or living-room during the winter and give them very little water. They are not thirsty in the months of slow growth but they need more water in the spring.

I am a great lover of lavender amongst the linen, so I shall be picking it this month while it is in full flower. The children love to help me tie it in bunches for drying and when we come back from our holiday we shall make the little bags for filling.

It seems early to be talking about strawberry beds when the season for eating them is just over, but they have to be prepared very soon if you want them next year. Plants need mats or straw or strawberry lifts, a wire ring covered with plastic tubing on two wire legs which is pushed into the ground over and round the plant, the strawberries hang over the ring and are kept well above the ground.

To prepare a first strawberry bed dig and clean the ground and manure it as the plants will be there for several years. If you cannot get good farm manure, hop manure is excellent.

Get good disease-free plants from a reliable firm—a good stock of Royal Sovereign is still the best. Plant these fifteen inches apart both ways and you will be eating your own strawberries next year.

I must tell you about our autumn or perpetual fruiting strawberries—not to be confused with alpines. Can you imagine the pleasure of a strawberries-and-cream tea in October? This variety will fruit in early summer, but if you keep picking the flowers off until July, you get a crop that goes on into October and even November.

END

1.8.55

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